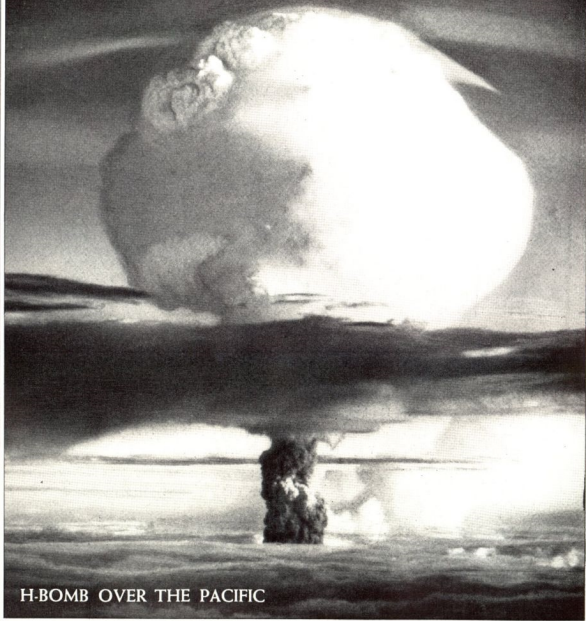


TWENTY CENTS

APRIL 12, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



H-BOMB OVER THE PACIFIC

\$6.00 A YEAR

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LXIII NO. 15



A FEW STEPS THAT SAVE YOU 1756 MILES

Northwest's short-cut Great Circle route to the Orient is

1756 miles shorter, New York to Manila . . . 1899 miles shorter to Tokyo. It is faster than any other route.

Northwest gives you the only one-airline through service across the U.S.A. and across the Pacific to the Orient.

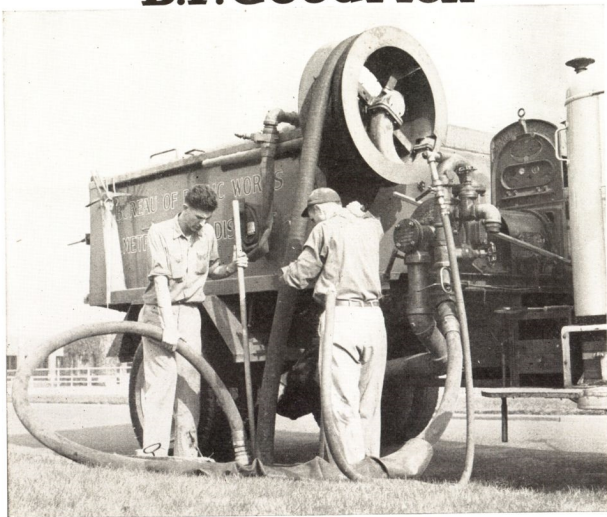


NORTHWEST
Orient **AIRLINES**

RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Hose collects broken bottles, yet has 3 lives

A typical example of B.F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

THAT'S a sort of giant vacuum cleaner flushing out the sand, oil, broken bottles (plenty of them!) that clog up storm sewers in a big eastern city.

But the suction hose being used was cut and worn to ribbons in three months or less. Then a city engineer heard about a B. F. Goodrich hose that transports broken glass in a glass factory.

B. F. Goodrich engineers, who had designed more than 1,000 kinds of hose, had developed a light, flexible hose, strong enough to stand powerful suction

without collapsing. To stand the broken glass, another B. F. Goodrich development was used for the hose lining. It's a special kind of rubber, so well able to resist cutting that on gravel chutes it outlasts the hardest steel many times over.

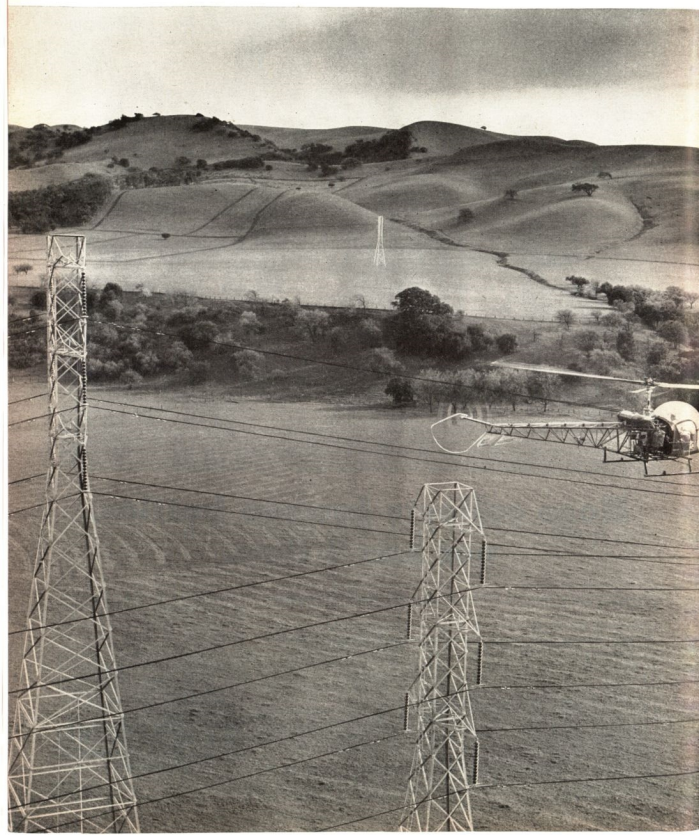
Put to work here at just one third the cost of the short-lived hose it replaced, the B. F. Goodrich hose is still good after 9 months of wearing, tearing abuse — has lasted 3 times longer than any other hose.

This suction hose is typical of B. F.

Goodrich research which is constantly at work improving all kinds of hose, belting and other rubber products, and finding new ways to use them better. Don't decide any product you may buy is the best to be had without first finding out from your BFG distributor what B. F. Goodrich research may have done recently to improve it. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-228, Akron 18, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
DIVISION

Look What's Happening In



Metals

THE MOST FABULOUS SUPPLY OF ELECTRIC POWER IN THE WORLD FLOWS TO U. S. HOMES, FARMS, AND FACTORIES . . . AND TO HELP CARRY THE LOAD, ANACONDA MAKES A COMPLETE LINE OF WIRE AND CABLE

Last year our homes, farms and factories soaked up nearly 400 billion kilowatt-hours of current.

That's twice as much as 10 years ago.

You can easily see how big America has grown—electrically.

Wire is the *power* highway through which this enormous energy flows. And for every step of the way there has been an Anaconda wire and cable. Some are copper. Some are Copperweld®. Some are aluminum.

From seven strategically located mills of the Anaconda Wire & Cable Company, the electrical industry has been able to shop for its many wire needs...from hair-thin magnet wire to fist-thick power cables.

But the job of making wire and cable takes more than *plants* and *people*.

It takes years of experience with metal. For the heart of wire is always metal.

It takes continuing research. For the demands on wire grow greater every year.

As industry's needs become more exacting, it takes a painstaking system of quality control to safeguard uniformity.

Behind every foot of Anaconda wire and cable stands a *fully integrated* business, modern in its methods and equipment. It links the resources of many mines and plants. That's why Anaconda and its subsidiaries are able to serve you so well with such a wide diversity of products.

00274

ANACONDA®

PRODUCERS OF: Copper, zinc, lead, silver, gold, platinum, cadmium, vanadium, selenium, uranium oxide, manganese ore, ferromanganese and superphosphate.

MANUFACTURERS OF: Electrical wires and cables, copper, brass, bronze and other copper alloys in such forms as sheet, plate, tube, pipe, rod, wire, forgings, stampings, extrusions, flexible metal hose and tubing.

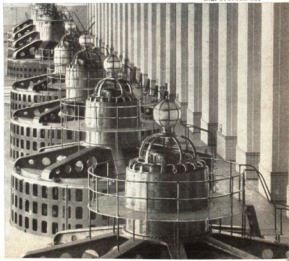
◀ **PATROLS REGULARLY CHECK** every mile of transmission line for America's light and power companies — on foot . . . in jeeps . . . in boats . . . and, fastest of all, in helicopters that hover a few feet over the cables. For these are the nerves of a nation, sometimes copper and, where they must be light in weight, sometimes aluminum. Anaconda supplies both types of cables to the nation's leading electric companies.

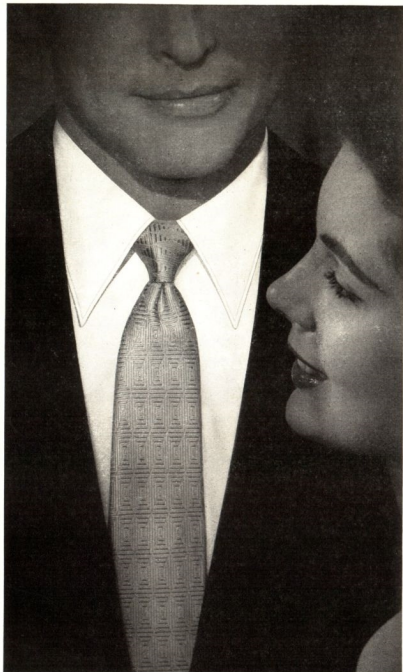


HUNGRY HORSE DAM will supply the power for Anaconda's new aluminum reduction plant now being built at Columbia Falls, Montana. Every ton of finished metal will take some 18,000 kilowatt-hours of current. Production starts late in 1954. Then 52,000 tons a year will help supply the growing market for this lightweight metal.

WHAT DO YOU NEED TO MAKE ELECTRICITY? A source of power, of course. This may be fuel or flowing water. Next—turbines and generators must convert this power into usable electricity. For many years The American Brass Company, an Anaconda subsidiary, has supplied corrosion-resistant parts for these turbines and generators, tubes for steam condensers, bus conductors for switchgear, and Everdur® Electrical Conduit to protect wires and cables against corrosion and physical damage.

•Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





Here's proof that you don't have to be uncomfortable to look smart around the collar. You'll find many comfortable, soft-collar Arrow shirts that will look just right on you. And you'll hardly know you're wearing them except for the compliments. Fine "Sanforized" fabrics. Prices start at \$3.95. The diamond pattern rayon tie is an Arrow, too. \$1.50. See your Arrow dealer.

ARROW WHITE SHIRTS

by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

LETTERS

Marine on Trial

Sir:

My sympathies go out to Colonel Frank Schwable, who . . . was tortured by the Communists and . . . put on trial in this country for falsely confessing that the U.S. had used germ warfare on the Chinese Communists [TIME, March 22] . . . As for the value of such a confession to the enemy, I have seen no proof that it cost us any lives, or friends . . . After all, we were the first and, so far, the only nation to drop atom bombs on civilians, so we shouldn't be too squeamish about being charged with germ warfare . . .

GLENN WHEELER

East Orange, N.J.

Sir:

. . . General William F. Dean said that he would never go to war again without a suicide pill as insurance against captivity . . . I shudder to think of the situation that would exist within the armed forces . . . if it became commonly acceptable for all military men to gulp the "Dean bean" that they have been gingerly carrying around with them in their watch pocket for use when in danger . . .

JOHN P. LEONARD JR.
Lieut. Colonel, U.S.M.C.

Quantico, Va.

Sir:

I served under Colonel Schwable in World War II, and if the occasion should arise, I, for one, would be proud to serve under him again. What is expected of the American fighting man of today? Is he expected to fol-

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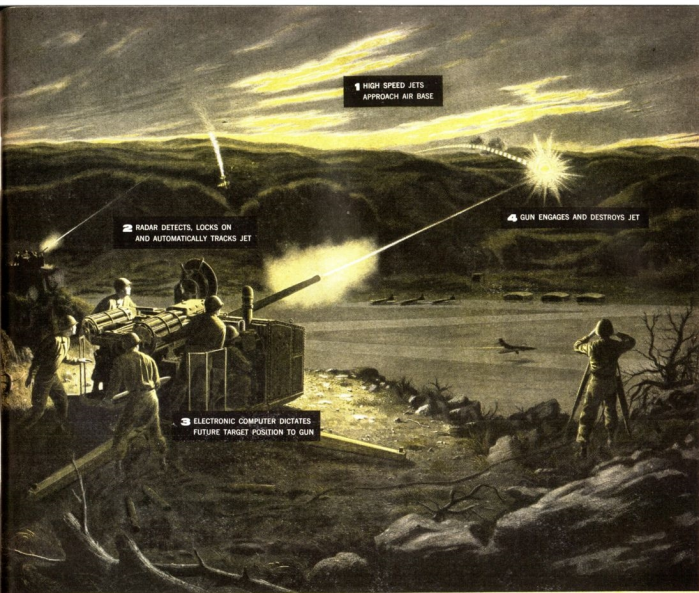
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TIME
April 12, 1954

Volume LXIII
Number 15

TIME, APRIL 12, 1954



Army Unveils Skysweeper...

Deadly Accurate Anti-Aircraft Gun

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY:

■ "HOW CAN WE stop hostile jets that slip through our primary defenses?" Newsmen covering Army Ordnance's demonstration of the Skysweeper saw the answer to attack by high-speed aircraft at medium range—and spread the story over front pages from coast to coast. It was the story of a gun that could "see" through fog and darkness . . . pick out an enemy within a 15-mile radius . . .

compute its speed, altitude and course in seconds . . . then, automatically aiming itself, shoot the plane out of the sky.

■ Actually the story began when Army Ordnance anticipated the threat of faster flying jets and started to work with Sperry on the problem. Through its pioneering in radar, Sperry engineers were able to design the "eyes" of needed performance. From Sperry's experience in electronics came the "brains" to compute precise firing information. Sperry's developments in servo mechanisms provided the "muscles" for rapid aiming and firing.

■ The Skysweeper gunfire control system which resulted from the cooperative efforts of Army Ordnance and Sperry is typical of the many systems which Sperry has developed working with various branches of the military to meet critical needs. Once developed, Sperry manufacturing specialists convert engineering designs into precision weapons for large scale production. Among similar projects at Sperry today are systems for bombing and navigation, missile guidance and naval gunfire control.

SPERRY *GYROSCOPE COMPANY*

DIVISION OF THE SPERRY CORPORATION • GREAT NECK, N.Y.

Let's leave *SHRINKING* to the violets



REIS UNDERWEAR

is

Perma-Sized®

The size you buy is the size it *stays*—through repeated automatic washings and dryings!

18 months ago, all you could do about the way men's cotton knit underwear shrank after laundering, was to shrink your husband to match.

Now, REIS PERMA-SIZED underwear lets you keep your husband the way you like him—*because his underwear stays the way he likes it—laundering after laundering*. In automatic washers and dryers. In commercial laundries. Even at the washboard, if you like—it *never shrinks out of size*.

Only REIS underwear is PERMA-SIZED. Only REIS guarantees the size with a money-back offer. REIS PERMA-SIZED T-Shirts, Athletic Shirts, SCANDALS Briefs \$1—\$2.50.



EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



LICENSEE IN CANADA: SUPER KNITTING MILLS CO., LTD.

low General Dean's suggestion and carry some deadly poison to take if capture seems imminent? Are the quartermasters to issue cyanide pills along with other combat gear? Are we, a Christian nation, now to become devoted to hara-kiri? Ridiculous! But that is the only logical sequence if Colonel Schwable is not completely exonerated and restored to a full-duty status.

NATHAN BEDELL

Major, U.S.M.C.R. (Inactive)
Jacksonville, Fla.

Sir:

The armed services could learn a lesson from Colonel Schwable's experience. Wars from here on in will be fought over ideological issues, and future prisoners can expect to be subjected to all sorts of torture . . . My son is in the service, and I have told him: if ever captured, confess if you must. Don't give away positions or troop movements, but subjects such as germ warfare and the like are absurd. The facts will be brought to light later regardless of what they make you say about it. You have a gun at your head . . . Be practical, and stay alive . . .

LIONEL ORMSBY

Los Angeles

Underwater Photographer

Sir:

The sport of spearfishing is really just coming into its own, and its future is almost



PHOTOGRAPHER LEAVENS & GADGET

unlimited. Congratulations on your timely and excellent pictorial feature on it [TIME, March 21].

Your readers might enjoy a picture I took of the photographer, George Leavens, in action under water [see cut]. He is using a special case that he constructed himself and that houses both his camera and light meter.

STANTON A. WATERMAN

Sargentville, Me.

Refreshing

Sir:

How refreshing to see Polio Fighter Salk on the cover of TIME [March 29], after a double dose of McCarthy and his brash young rogues, Cohn and Schine! . . .

(THE REV.) GEORGE W. GOODLEY
Wilmington, Del.

Dum Du Dum Dum

Sir:

The March 15 cover of TIME shows four bullets with "Dum Du Dum Dum" written

TIME, APRIL 12, 1954

How telegrams help make sales... and the salesman!

They focus attention on your promotions



Telegrams get read when other material gets pushed aside. Next time you've got a promotion coming up, get extra cooperation from your salesmen and customers. Tell them your story by telegram!

Flash price changes by telegram



Only telegrams announce price changes so fast, so accurately, to all parts of the country. Get the facts to your dealers, jobbers, wholesalers, salesmen—all at the same time—rely on telegrams.

Telegrams support your salesmen...



and pave the way for future calls. Between salesmen's visits, telegrams make calls; urge buyers to order if stocks are low. In sales drives, telegrams to prospects step up interest, pull in orders.

Telegrams do a top job on all jobs



On any job in the whole field of selling—from originating orders to tracing shipments—telegrams will do it better, faster, and more profitably than any other means of communication.

when it means business

it's wise
to wire

**WESTERN
UNION**

CLASS OF SERVICE
Plus 10¢ a Telegram
Transmitted
Between Cities
Day or Night
Money Order Collect
Money Order Collect

**WESTERN
UNION**

U. S. NATIONAL PROPERTY

TERMS
No. of Telegrams
No. of Telegrams
No. of Telegrams
No. of Telegrams
No. of Telegrams

YOUR WESTERN UNION REPRESENTATIVE IS A HIGHLY TRAINED EXPERT. HE CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO GET MORE MILEAGE OUT OF YOUR COMMUNICATIONS DOLLAR. JUST CALL YOUR WESTERN UNION OFFICE.



The **LEICA** is the world's most famous camera. It has climbed the Himalayas, run with huskies in the frozen arctic, captured the look of kings, warlords, aborigines, beauty queens and Dutch farmers milking Dutch cows. But the Leica, favorite of great professional photographers, is also a camera for the amateur who seeks to improve his skill.



The reproductions on this page are from **LEICA** contact prints. Enlarged 2, 5, 10 times, details in black-and-white or glorious color show up needle-sharp and vivid. The Leica winds, focuses, shoots like any 35mm camera. It is easy to use. It is small, compact, easy to carry. Leica was the first 35mm camera—all the others spring from this one.



There are three **LEICA** models, the If, the Ifl, and the IflI, priced from \$143. More than two hundred accessories are available to equip your Leica for every specialized photographic task. You will be able to master portraiture, transfix the splendor of the rainbow, photograph a soaring eagle or the eye of a grasshopper with the same Leica camera.



The newest addition to the **LEICA** family of accessories is the Summicron f/2—the 50mm lens that has revolutionized camera optics. The Summicron makes color transparencies possessing an over-all brilliance and clarity that no other high-speed lens can match. It gives your black-and-white prints corner-to-corner sharpness never before possible.



Leica
world's most famous camera

A **LEICA** rewards all who seek finer pictures. Its cost is modest—for the Leica that you buy now will serve you for a lifetime. Consult your franchised Leica dealer soon. E. Leitz, Inc., 468 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., is distributor of the world-famous products of Ernst Leitz, Wetzlar, Germany. Cameras, accessories, binoculars, microscopes.

over them to represent the classic *Dragnet* theme. If these were drawn, as I suspect, to represent dum-dum bullets, I credit the artist, Boris Chaliapin, with the finest pun *TIME* has made in quite a while . . .

HOWARD E. ROWEN JR.

New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

. . . Your "Ides of March" cover portraying the well-known musical theme of *Dragnet* must have left . . . millions of *Dragnet* fans agast . . .

(S/SGT.) RICHARD P. CONLON
U.S.A.F.

North Africa

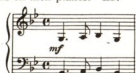
Sir:

. . . I am assuming that the artist intended the music to be in the bass clef, and he should have marked the key signature . . .

ROBERT HAMMACK

Van Nuys, Calif.

¶ Let Readers Conlon and Hammack try this on their pianos.—Ed.



© 1953, Schumann Music Co.

Malenkov No. 5

Sir:

Re "But Nobody Outsell G.U.M." [*TIME*, March 15]: Heaven save us from Communism if for no other reason than what the U.S.S.R. has done to the perfume industry. Imagine Ava Gardner slithering into a room enveloped in "Essence of the U.S. Cavalry." I wonder how "Riveter's Dream" or "Spirit of Capitalist Wall Street" would sell in the U.S. . . .

JOAN OSBURN

Lake Forest, Ill.

¶ Just the thing to wear when seeing Marilyn Monroe in *How to Marry a Decadent Imperialistic Beast*.—Ed.

The Private & the Pentagon

Sir:

Congratulations on your March 22 article exposing the Army's No. 1 goldbrick, G. David Schine, and his fellow travelers, McCarthy and Cohn. I think the American public has been duped though, because this trio was not out on the hills of Korea doing their Commie hunting where it wasn't quite so safe . . .

(THE REV.) MONTE B. BROWN
(Former Chaplain, U.S. Army,
Korea—class of '52)

New York City

Sir:

I am offering, in suitably heroic couplets, a new indoctrination course for basic training in the U.S. Army:

*The chow is lousy and the beds are hard?
You have to pull K.P. and extra guard?
The corporal's rude, the sergeant impolite?
The captain will not let you out at night?
They will not let you have a private
phone?*

It's clear, my boy, you don't know Mr. Cohn.

*You have a gripe? Don't tell the chaplain,
son.*

*You'll have to carry that big heavy gun,
You'll have to march and even stand in
line,*

Unless you know a certain Private Schine



Relax in the luxurious lower-deck lounge on *The President*. All *President* flights are in double-decked "Strato" Clippers.

You're on the most popular airline to **EUROPE** when you **choose Pan American**



10 times every day giant Pan American Clippers span the Atlantic
They've carried more passengers, **650,000**
—and made more crossings, **44,500**—
than any other airline

You get the feeling the moment you board your Clipper* that Pan Am knows how to run an airline.

It's not alone the snap and precision of ground personnel, the superb airmanship of U.S. crews, the luxurious Clippers themselves, the frequency and convenience of flights—it's also the sure, understanding way in which you are treated, with hospitality, with friendliness, and with attentive consideration.

Attention to each passenger's needs, plus an unmatched record of air pioneering and leadership—that's what makes Pan Am the choice of experienced travelers.

Call your Travel Agent or Pan American.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

No change of plane to EUROPE from

New York, Boston, Philadelphia . . . and
from Chicago and Detroit, starting April 30

Typical one-way fares
from New York

	RAINBOW	PRESIDENT
SHANNON	\$261	\$371
LONDON	290	400
PARIS	310	420
ROME	360	487
STOCKHOLM	356	466
LISBON	310	406

Fares, shown to nearest dollar and subject to government approval, are slightly less from Boston, slightly more from Phila., Chicago and Detroit (Chicago and Detroit, RAINBOW only)

More people fly to Europe by **PAN AMERICAN**
World's Most Experienced Airline



The Crestline Victoria, more beautiful than ever, is stealing America's heart! There's a choice of six beautiful new nylon and nylon-and-vinyl upholstery color schemes.

Heavenly Bodies with worlds of Power



The new Crestline Skyliner is another Ford first in styling. A transparent roof panel gives an open-car feeling unmatched in any other low-priced closed car.



The Crestline Sunliner is America's largest selling convertible! You have a choice of four top colors. Also available is a top with a transparent panel over driver.

If you want beauty and performance that are "out of this world," you'll love the '54 Ford.

Whichever '54 Ford you choose, you get smooth, clean-lined beauty that is "at home" anywhere. You ride surrounded by beauty, too, in Ford's Crestmark Body with its exciting new colors, fabrics and trim.

Equally exciting is Ford's new performance. You choose from the most modern engines in the industry . . . the brilliant 130-h.p. Y-block V-8 or flashing 115-h.p. I-block Six. You enjoy a new kind of smooth, agile "GO" from the very first time you take the road.

And to take the "drive" out of

driving, Ford offers: versatile Fordomatic Drive . . . a 4-Way Power Seat . . . Swift Sure Power Brakes . . . Power-Lift Windows all around . . . Master-Guide Power Steering.

Ball-Joint Front Suspension, too.

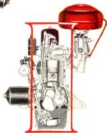
You travel in supreme comfort in Ford. Ball-Joint Suspension, exclusive to Ford in its field, provides a truly fine-car ride. Handling is easier and the going is smoother on roads "off limits" to many other cars.

But there is more! With all of its "out-of-this-world" features, Ford prices are *down to earth*, as a trip to your Ford Dealer will prove.



**130-h.p.
Y-block V-8**

New deep-cast block is more rigid for smoother, quieter operation. Short-stroke design means greater gas economy, longer engine life.



**115-h.p.
I-block SIX**

Like Ford's V-8, it has deep-block, low-friction design, free-turning overhead valves and gas-saving Automatic Power Pilot.

Worth more when you buy it

'54 FORD

When you sell it, too!

Who knows a man called Cohn who knows
a man
(I think the name's McCarthy) who really
can

Make generals run about like p.f.e.'s
And chicken colonels tremble at the knees,
And serve you tea in bed . . . You think
I'm balmy?

It could be Mr. Stevens or the Army . . .
H. A. ADAMS

New York City

Significant Form (Contd.)

Sir:

Re Reader Stearns's views on galloping horses [TIME Letters, March 22]: maybe the drawing of the Stone Age horse isn't so wrong after all. Horses do on occasion have their front legs stretched out in front and



Associated Press

GULFSTREAM WINNER

their hind legs extending to the rear . . . The horse in the picture (enclosed) is crossing the finish line in a race at Gulfstream Park, and the camera caught him thus [see cut].

RONALD B. WOODARD

Indianapolis

Man's Hope (Contd.)

Sir:

The erroneous views of Geochemist Brown that the chief barrier to population control is the Roman Catholic Church with its doctrine against contraception [TIME, March 22] is to quote Paul (anti-Catholic) Blanchard. Surely Professor Brown must know that the regions where the birth rates are at a biological maximum are Russia, China, Japan, Indo-China, Africa, Egypt, Palestine and Turkey—none of which are in any way under the control or influence of the Roman Catholic Church and its doctrines . . . It is un-Christian . . . to make such outrageous accusations against the one church which is doing the most in the world today to alleviate the sufferings of the "dirt-encrusted, malnourished and disease-ridden children."

ROBERT K. MANTON

Bad Kreuznach, Germany

Sir:

. . . We Roman Catholics will continue to annoy Dr. Brown and other theorists . . . In cooperating with God to "Suffer the little children" to be born and given the opportunity to attain Heaven, we do not annoy Him.

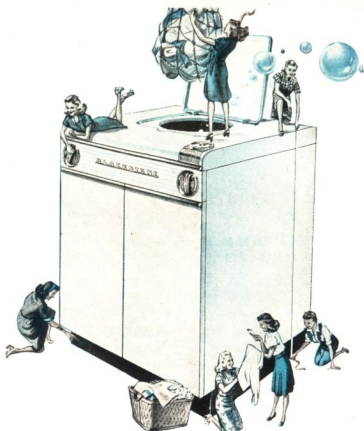
WILFRED H. ROY

Lampman, Sask.

Flight from the Factory

Sir:

Re your March 22 "Flight to the Suburbs": if some people were lucky enough to be able to flee from the city with its dirt, noise, industry and screaming advertisements, it is sad that industry should be allowed



SEE THE NEW BLACKSTONE

— a new kind of automatic washer

Only Blackstone is all three:

1. FULLY AUTOMATIC!

Fills, washes, rinses,
empties, dries, and
shuts off auto-
matically.



2. FULLY FLEXIBLE!

Wash any way you
want . . . at the
twist of a dial!
Handles all
fabrics properly.



3. FULLY MECHANICAL!

Controlled by positive
mechanical timer! No
tricky electric
gadgets.



AGITATOR ACTION—Assures thorough cleansing
of heavier loads without tangling or tearing!

SELF-CLEANING TUB—in gleaming stainless steel
—always smooth, always clean!

SCUM-REMOVING FLUSH RINSE—Two complete
rinses—Jet-Spray sweeps floating dirt and soap
scum away!

REALLY DAMP-DRY CLOTHES—High-speed centri-
fugal spin gets some clothes dry enough to iron!

NO BOLTING DOWN—Mechanism floats on cush-
ion rubber; Blackstone stands still!

...and now a Blackstone costs **LESS!**

FLEX-O-TROL

For fully flexible operation
...any time you wish!

Blackstone

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF HOME LAUNDRY APPLIANCES

CHOOSE
the right point for the
way you write...by number



**ADD it to the barrel of an
Esterbrook Fountain Pen**



**WRITE with the pen that
writes your way...naturally**



More than 28
interchangeable,
renewable
point styles.

Esterbrook®
FOUNTAIN PEN

The World's Most Personal
Fountain Pen

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THE ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY

to pursue them and intrude upon their hard-won right to privacy. An eternal cycle results, and families will have to begin anew the futile flight to territory not yet infested by industry. The rapid spreading of factories and stores through residential areas horrifies me and many other people who want to breathe fresh air in their free time.

N. COATES

Montreal, Que.

More about Joe

Sir:

... I have not been very happy about your articles attacking Senator McCarthy. He is a good and capable man in the eyes of all freedom-loving people in the Far East.

CHARLES LUK

Hong Kong

Sir:

... Your vile falsehoods to destroy McCarthy should be jammed down your lying throats with a pitchfork.

D. YOUNG

Sapulpa, Okla.

Sir:

... Suggest that having exposed Communism, McCarthy now investigate its totalitarian cousin—Fascism. It, too, demands conformity in politics, religion, speech and press, and has its devotees among many professions, including churchmen. In what better way could the Senator prove that he is impartially devoted to exposing all internal enemies of America?

THEODORE CARCICH SR.
President

Washington Conference
of Seventh-Day Adventists
Seattle

Sir:

I noticed the Veterans of Foreign Wars, post of Stoughton, Wis., denounced Joe McCarthy's claim of entering the Marine Corps as a commissioned officer; that he (Mr. McCarthy) resigned from the Marine Corps months before his comrades in arms, and the war with Japan; further, that he claimed to be a "tail gunner," when he was only a ground intelligence officer.

If these claims are false, Mr. McCarthy owes the Marine Corps an apology. If the claims are true, the V.F.W. post at Stoughton, Wis., owes Mr. McCarthy an apology. Information as to which party is correct should be printed in your magazine.

SERVICEMAN'S NAME WITHHELD
Dallas

¶ McCarthy signed up with the Marines as a private in January 1942, with orders to report to Quantico for officer training, was commissioned three months later. In the Pacific he was an air intelligence officer and often flew missions in the rear gunner's seat. In March 1945 he applied for and got his discharge from the Marine Corps. Neither the Marine Corps nor McCarthy has officially answered the V.F.W.'s statements.—E.D.

Sir:

Small wonder that McCarthy's pooch was on a cheese diet [TIME, March 22]. He has to stomach more in one day than Fala did in a year.

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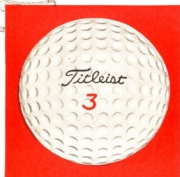
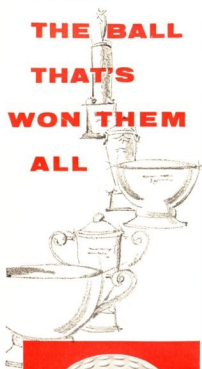


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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Flocks of robins flew up from the sycamore branches. A male and female American merganser were flushed from the riverbank and swooped over the valley. Purple finches bustled in the branches. The call of the timemouse was clear from the field. The spice bushes were in bud, and along the banks of the Potomac the willows were green- ing. Red maple was already painting the woods. From the bog water in the old unused canal came the song of peeper frogs.

This bit of pastoral reporting marked a considerable change of pace for a TIME correspondent whose stories usually originate from places such as Washington's Federal Reserve Building, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation or the President's Council of Economic Advisers. The author of the paragraph is George Bookman, business and economics reporter in TIME's Washington office, who recently covered one of the capital's most pleasant news assignments: Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas' 178-mile hike along the old Chesapeake & Ohio Canal.

The story began with a good-natured disagreement between the Washington Post, which thought a parkway along the canal was a good idea, and Justice Douglas, who thought otherwise and suggested that a hike along the route might prove his point (TIME, March 29). Reporter Bookman was one of 37 white-collar workers, nature lovers and reporters who joined Justice Douglas on his venture. There were no invitations—anyone was welcome to tag along. Bookman got his walking orders on a Thursday morning. When the teletype-writer began rattling out the week's news queries from New York, one query asked for a reporter to go along on the hike. Said Bookman, who had just finished a 60-page file on an economic story: "For some antic reason my pulse quickened." He asked for the assignment. Bureau Chief Jim Shepley agreed, and off rushed Bookman to buy the proper equipment (including long underwear, a sleeping bag, air mattress and first-aid kit).

The plan was for the hikers to take a train to the canal terminus in Cumberland, Md. and walk from there to Washington, D.C. Two days and 43 miles after they left Cumberland, Bookman and fellow walkers arrived at the Woodmont Rod & Gun Club, where they were to spend the night and where a TIME courier was waiting to take Bookman's copy to the nearest telegraph office. This done, Bookman

relaxed and followed a home-remedy suggestion to ease aching muscles: he drank a tumbler of heavy salt-water solution. The next night, by the time he had bedded down under a pine tree, the muscles felt fine. After one more day, Bookman reluctantly left the hiking party in time to reach his office for Wednesday morning story conference.

Back in Washington (without a single blister), Bookman decided that this particular assignment had been one of the most pleasant interludes in his reporting career. Said he: "Sitting around a campfire spooning beef stew from a bubbling cauldron and singing songs in the firelight was one of the best soul-restorers an economics reporter could possibly find."

Reporter Bookman's career in economics began with his major in Haverford College (Phi Beta Kappa), continued in Paris at the Sorbonne. He



Justice Douglas and Reporter Bookman

began reporting in 1936, worked on the Washington Post before the war (which he spent in psychological warfare work in Europe, the Near East and central Africa), later worked for World Report as a Washington writer and a reporter in Europe and the Near East.

After he joined TIME in February 1948, Bookman continued in his old field, specializing in economics. The Washington economic beat is a broad one. Bookman follows closely such major issues as tax policies, foreign trade, farm policies. He also watches lesser spots in the maze of Washington agencies for other business stories.

In the view of TIME's Washington office staff, says Bookman, he is not considered the "outdoor type." However, he adds, "despite my liversh look, I am a devoted horseback rider." Furthermore, says Bookman, "any time Bureau Chief Shepley wants to hand me down the walking cane, I'll be ready for another hike."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

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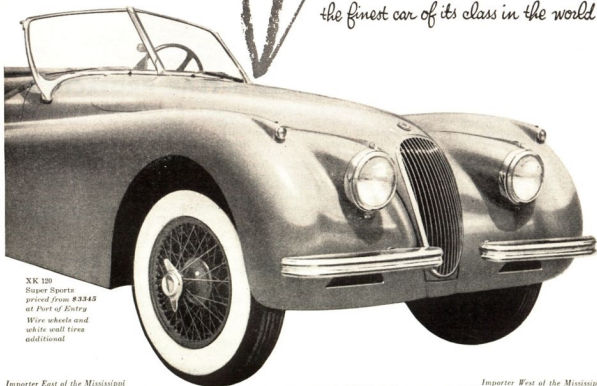
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE ATOM

The Road Beyond Elugelab

(See Cover)

In 1946, Dr. Hans Thirring, a Viennese scholar without access to secret information, read certain published reports that could be found in any physics library. Going about the scientist's business of mating known facts to breed new facts, Dr. Thirring made and published calculations leading to the conclusion that out of lithium hydride could be constructed a bomb many times more powerful than the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. At the end of his austere equations, Dr. Thirring's scientific article flamed up into a prayer: "God protect the country over which a six-ton bomb of lithium hydride will ever explode."

Last week the U.S. learned some details of lithium hydride (or equivalent) explosions that had been set off—by the Russians and by the Americans. It learned that the force and horror of atomic weapons had entered a new dimension. It saw by television that the first full-dress H-blast (Operation Ivy) had turned the mid-Pacific sandpit named Elugelab into a submarine crater. While the shock and the prayer that Dr. Thirring had felt were both present in the communication of the news, the U.S. was given—and received—the information as calmly as it might hear of any other scientific discovery.

President Eisenhower at his weekly press conference called upon a calm-voiced guest to give the news, and Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, made his report sound as matter-of-fact as the minutes of a previous meeting. Yet there was no headline big enough to measure the implications of what Strauss had to say.

In a nine-minute prepared statement, Strauss noted that "there is good reason to believe" that the Russians had gone to work on a thermonuclear bomb "substantially before we did. . . . We now fully know we possess no monopoly of capability in this awesome field." The current series of U.S. H-bomb tests had thus far been successful "and enormous potential has been added to our military posture." As to the reports that the March 1 blast (TIME, March 22) had got out of hand, no such thing was true—"the yield was about double that of the calculated estimate—a margin of error not incompatible with a totally new weapon."



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER & AEC CHAIRMAN STRAUSS
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Educated Guesses. A few moments after Strauss had finished his statement, he got into a question & answer exchange with reporters—an exchange memorable for its substance and for its tone of understatement.

A Reporter: Many people in Congress, I think many elsewhere, have been reaching out and grasping for some information as to what happens when the H-bomb goes off. . . .

Strauss: Well, the nature of an H-bomb is that, in effect, it can be made to be as large as you wish, as large as the military requirement demands, that is to say, an H-bomb can be made as—large enough to take out a city.

Chorus: What?

Strauss: To take out a city, to destroy a city.

A Reporter: How big a city?

Strauss: Any city.

Reporter: Any city? New York?

Strauss: The metropolitan area, yes [i.e., the heart of Manhattan, as he later elaborated].

Scientific pundits, aided by some technical advice from uncensored Europe, took up the stark facts where Strauss left off. Their educated guesses:

1) Last month's two thermonuclear tests may have proved that H-bombs can

be manufactured far more simply than previously believed (see SCIENCE).

2) U.S. samplings (upper air readings, seismographic recordings, etc.) indicate that the Russians made this discovery seven months before the U.S. did.

3) The discovery means that any nation with a small supply of A-bombs may soon be able to use each A-bomb as a trigger for a thermonuclear bomb, thus easily and inexpensively multiplying the power of each A-bomb a thousandfold.

4) The U.S. still has a big lead in quantity of atomic explosive and its Air Force has a better chance than the enemy's of getting weapons on target. But this superiority soon will be reduced in effect because the inferior power may be able to cripple the superior one. Both might be smashed, but neither has any sure or even probable defense against the other.

The Hand Wringers. There it was—long forecast in rumor and speculation, but now clearly defined. What was mankind to think or say about it? The first and loudest reactions were not necessarily the wisest—nor were they typical. ¶ In Britain's House of Commons, 130 Laborites impulsively signed a petition asking the government "to take the initiative in every form they consider ad-

visible in order to prevent the explosion of any further thermonuclear bombs." CALL OFF THAT BOMB, cried the hysterical wing of the British press.

¶ In India's Parliament, Prime Minister Nehru called for an end to H-bomb tests, and tried to drum up Asian racism by noting that most atomic damage had been wreaked on Asians.

¶ In Chicago, Editor Eugene Rabinowitch of the influential (among scientists) *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* wrote in his editorial for the May issue: "Atomic retaliation has become something no sane person should ever consider as a rational answer to any political or military situation (short of direct Soviet aggression against the U.S. or Western Europe—if then)."

¶ In a letter to the *New York Times*, Author-Critic Lewis (*The Condition of Man*) Mumford wrote: "Submission to Communist totalitarianism would still be far wiser than the final destruction of civilization . . . Let us cease all further experiments with even more horrifying weapons of destruction, lest our own self-induced fears further upset our mental balance . . . Let us deal with our own massive sins and errors . . . and have the courage to speak up . . . against the methodology of barbarism to which we are now committed. If as a nation we have become mad, it is time for the world to take note of that madness."

Who Is Wildly Wrong? Emotional reaction along these lines was sharply opposed to the reaction of the U.S. Government, which knew a year and a half ago most of the facts that the public learned last week about the H-bomb. The Government, working with these facts, did not recoil in horror and abandon the new

weapon. Instead, it built upon its H-bomb knowledge the Dulles policy of possible "massive retaliation" against further Communist acts of aggression.

Who was tragically, wildly wrong? Eisenhower and Dulles? Or last week's hand-wringers?

The answer—important for all men alive—lay not in the H-bomb alone, but in the whole world picture of which the bomb is a part.

The nature of Communism was fixed before any atomic bomb was made. Out of that nature came acts of Communist aggression that are facts of the world picture—facts as hard, as definite, as explosive as any bomb. The Communists conducted their experiments in aggression not on remote Pacific Ocean atolls but upon populous lands where anciently established peoples were trying to live their lives in freedom. Not tuna, but men and women by the millions, were deliberately killed or contaminated by terror in the Communist experimental aggressions in Estonia, Poland, Greece, China, Malaya, Indo-China. These explosive experiments have already cost the world the price—in lives and in dollars—of many large cities, perhaps of more cities than bombs will ever destroy. And there is no sign that the Communist experiments in aggression will stop of their own accord at any point short of world domination.

Winston Churchill believed, and forcefully said at Fulton, Mo. in 1946, that only the U.S. atomic-bomb superiority deterred the Communists from much larger aggressions. This Churchill doctrine became the basic conviction underlying the policy of the non-Communist world. The Communists supplied further evidence of its truth by a series of ag-

gressions which in their calculations were not quite large enough to invite atomic retaliation. They backed away from their grabs at Berlin and Greece (both of which they could have taken by Red land forces), but they managed to localize the free world's resistance to their aggressions in China, Korea, Malaya and Indo-China.

The Dulles policy of possible "massive retaliation" was developed as an extension of the Churchill-Truman policy, as an answer to the Communist success in evading effective punishment for piecemeal aggression.

Agonizing Premises. While the atom was playing this passive, but partially preservative, role on the world scene, a crisis arose among the Americans responsible for top decisions of atomic production. The story of that crisis contains in embryo all the doubts, all the controversy that now turn around the public disclosures of the new bomb's power. And that story also contains the record of the quiet, courageous decisions that a few men had to make alone, that millions are now asked to accept on the same agonizing and inescapable premises.

In September 1949 the Russians achieved an atomic explosion. By that time, some U.S. scientists were convinced that a much more powerful H-bomb could be made by the U.S. or by the Russians. The Russian explosion, threatening to take away the U.S. deterrent power, caused some U.S. leaders to propose that work on an H-bomb begin promptly. David Lilienthal, then chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, was against the proposal. So was the powerful General Advisory Committee of Atomic Scientists, headed by Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer. This group had long lists of reasons, ranging from morals to technology. AEC Commissioner Lewis Strauss (*TIME*, Sept. 21) argued against the majority that the Russians would most certainly try to make H-bombs, and that if they succeeded, the U.S. A-bomb pile would be valueless as a deterrent.

Short Cuts. Strauss was supported in the technological side of his case by two nonconforming physicists, Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence, director of the University of California's Radiation Laboratory, and Dr. Edward Teller, a young theorist who had tentatively explored the thermonuclear (H-bomb) idea at Los Alamos during World War II.

In a battle that split the AEC, Strauss and his converts finally got a go-ahead from President Truman on Jan. 31, 1950. Teller became director of the program, and in a phenomenally short time found short cuts through Oppenheimer's technical objections. By January 1951 the AEC was ready for preliminary tests and launched a task force of 12,000 men for Eniwetok and Operation Greenhouse.

The day before the trial shot—in late April—Teller climbed a tall tower to check the delicate mechanism. That night, after he had confidently briefed a delegation of Congressmen, he moodily con-

SEVEN JUGHEADS

The upcoming test of "Jughead," the 45-megaton bomb, would produce a radius of approximately 6.7 miles of utter destruction and 22.3 miles of severe-to-slight blast damage. Jughead's calculated effects on some major U.S. cities:

Washington. Aiming point: the Lincoln Memorial. The perimeter of total destruction would include the entire District of Columbia and Arlington County, Va. (the Pentagon, National Airport), the suburbs of Chevy Chase, Bethesda, Silver Spring, Hyattsville, Alexandria.

New York. Aiming point: Rockefeller Center. The circle of complete destruction would extend from Spuyten Duyvil to the Statue of Liberty, cover all Manhattan, Hoboken, Weehawken, large parts of The Bronx, Queens, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

Philadelphia. Aiming point: City Hall. All of the midtown and South Philadelphia areas, the Navy Yard, Germantown, Upper Darby and Camden destroyed; Chestnut Hill, Bryn Mawr, Chester severely damaged.

Boston. Aiming point: the State House. The heart of the city, Cambridge, Watertown, Brookline, most of the Newtons would be destroyed. Severely damaged: Concord, Lexington, Lynn and Quincy.

Detroit. Aiming point: Cadillac Square. Wiped out: downtown Detroit, Hamtramck, River Rouge, Highland Park, Windsor. Major blast damage: Dearborn, Grosse Pointe, Royal Oak.

Los Angeles. Aiming point: the Hollywood Race Track. Totally destroyed: much of the business district, several major aircraft factories, Dow Chemical, M-G-M, El Segundo Oilfield and part of Santa Monica.

Chicago. Aiming point: the International Amphitheater in the stockyards. Destroyed: the Loop, the Gold Coast, the University of Chicago, Municipal Airport, Cicero. Badly blasted: the South Side steel mills and the North Shore suburbs.

fided his misgivings to his friend Ernest Lawrence. "It won't work," he growled. Lawrence snapped back: "Edward, I'll bet you five dollars that it does."

Just before dawn next day, the trial thermonuclear device was exploded on schedule. But not until they got in to check the instruments did the physicists know whether the proper percentage of tritium and deuterium had burned, so that they could decide whether their next step had a chance of success. Lawrence had not heard the details when Teller met him late in the afternoon and, under the tight secrecy regulations, Teller could not tell him. But quietly, Teller passed Lawrence a five-dollar bill. Just as quietly, Lawrence clasped Teller's hand in congratulations.

"Why Do You Ask?" In the fall of 1952, Teller was put in charge of a new \$11.5 million H-bomb laboratory at Livermore, Calif., 32 miles from Lawrence's University of California laboratory. While the U.S. was in the midst of the 1952 presidential election campaign, a vast new task force began moving on the Marshall Islands for a full-scale test of a complete thermonuclear "device." This was dubbed Operation Ivy. Teller could not spare the time from his laboratory to watch the shot (the AEC sometimes has to wait weeks for suitable weather conditions), but he kept in touch by coded messages.

One night, under considerable strain from waiting for news, Teller and his laboratory manager Herb York popped into Livermore's Golden Rule Creamery for dinner. On the counter Teller noticed an automatic fortuitelling machine bearing a sign: "SWAMI. Ask me a question." Jokingly, he scribbled on a piece of paper: "Do we really understand what we are trying to do?" Back popped the answer: "There seems to be a trend of doubt." Teller tried again: "Will Ivy be a success?" The answer: "Why do you ask? Of course."

Even Score. Ivy was a success, as every TV viewer could plainly see last week. Beneath a lethal fireball $\frac{3}{4}$ miles in diameter, the "shot" island, Elugelab, was transmuted into an ocean hole 175 ft. deep. But Ivy was a cumbersome, complicated test device that no airplane could carry.

On Aug. 12, 1953, the U.S. monitoring system picked up evidence of a Russian thermonuclear explosion that, if the educated guessers are right, was from a device far less complex, far more economical and far more "transportable" than Ivy's. Then, last month, came the U.S. explosion that Strauss described as being twice the estimated size. It became famous prematurely because an unexpected wind shift showered a Japanese fishing boat with radioactive ash. But the March 1 explosion (and the one that followed on March 26) had even more serious implications: in the global game of the scientists, where scores are read in terms of seismographic reports and air samplings, it notified the Russians that the score was more than even. The U.S. deterrent



AIRMAN'S LOOK (FROM 12,000 FT.) AT IVY CLOUD
U.S. Air Force—International
Communist experiments killed people, not tuna.

power against Communist aggression had not been shattered.

The Next Questions. This was the road by which the U.S. came to Elugelab. But what of the road ahead?

Is the H-bomb a morally permissible weapon? What of the possibilities of its control by international law? What does it do to the strategic concepts that have guided the U.S. and its allies? Does it require a new appraisal of defense policy? How does it affect the U.S. political and economic objectives in the world?

All of these questions had presented themselves to top officials of the U.S. when first the H-bomb became a reality. Now they have been thrown into public debate to be reviewed and, if possible, settled.

Each level at which the H-bomb raises a question seems to slope downward to the next level, descending from some of the broadest and oldest questions of ethics and theology to some of the most specific problems of practical politics and economics.

The Moral Level. Ironically, some of the loudest cries that the H-bomb should be abandoned on moral grounds, that even experiments with it should be stopped, came from those groups most affected by the rationalist or scientific—as distinguished from the traditional and religious—viewpoint. The basis of modern rationalist morality is largely statistical (see Dr. Kinsey), and the difference between the effect of the H-bomb and other weapons is also statistical, quantitative.

The older morality, still dominant in the U.S., and in most other western lands, finds no moral problem in the H-bomb that was not present in the A-bomb, none in the A-bomb that was not present in the

mass bombing of cities, none in these that is not present in war itself, and no grave problems in war that are not present in the basic question of the permissibility of force in any circumstance. This does not mean that the traditional morality does not meet a host of appalling questions in the whole area of when and how force may be morally used. It does. But it meets them on the basis of motive and law and of actual choice available. It looks at the man, not his weapon; at the circumstances in which he uses it, not at the number of the slain.

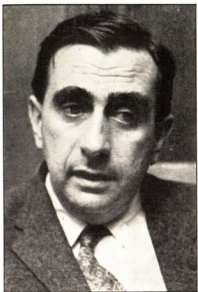
Judging from a nationwide sampling of this week's sermons, the U.S. clergy held with firmness to traditional Christian (and Jewish and Mohammedan) principles on this point. The news from Elugelab did not set off a wave of pacifist sentimentality. A passage in a sermon by Dr. Louie De Votie Newton, pastor of Atlanta's Druid Hills Baptist Church, was typical of the main strain of comment on the H-bomb. Said Dr. Newton:

"The thing to do now is for ministers and the press and radio and everyone else concerned with public opinion to undertake to fortify the people spiritually for whatever comes, now that the thing is upon us . . . A sense of spiritual poise is essential if we are to be ready for whatever happens . . . In the H-bomb era we can't go back to muskets. We've got to maintain anything essential to our defense, the H-bomb or any other kind of bomb."

The Legal Level. But if this was the moral answer, where was the practical ground upon which hope could function?

Civilized man, faced with a public danger of man's own making, turns to law; the U.S. and its allies turned there very

early in their efforts to deal with the danger of atomic weapons. On June 14, 1946, the U.S. proposed in the United Nations the Baruch plan. Main features: 1) the U.S. would turn its (then) atomic monopoly over to an international agency (with no veto power for members), and 2) the agreements of the atomic powers would be guaranteed by a workable system of inspection. This was no show-window design; it was perhaps the most remarkable offer in the history of nations, made in all good faith at a time when U.S. military power was demobilizing, and the U.S. was thus offering to give up its major



John Brenneis—Col-Pictures

H-BOMB'S TELLER

In nonconformity, results.

weapon in a world where the Soviets still maintained great military power.

Down through the years the Russians balked at both control and inspection, all the while shouting piously for a flat ban on the use of the atomic weapons (which would have been easy to check in the goldfish-bowl U.S., but impossible to check in uninspected Russia). In November 1951, at the U.N. meeting in Paris, the U.S., France and Britain changed their proposals in the light of the growing importance of the A-bomb as a balance to Russia's land armies. The new proposal called for 1) a step-by-step scaling-down of atomic and conventional armaments together, 2) continuous inspection, and 3) international control of the atom.

To this new proposal Vishinsky made his famous reply: "I could hardly sleep all last night. I could not sleep because I kept laughing."

The stalemate was broken again by the U.S. last December, when, before the U.N., President Eisenhower suggested private conversations on control, and proposed the creation of an international pool of fissionable material for peaceful purposes. This plan thus far has borne no tangible results. Last week the U.S.,

France and Britain proposed a new meeting of the U.N. Disarmament Commission for resumed closed-door discussion.

All the good reasons that the U.S. and its allies had for making these proposals have been multiplied by the existence of the H-bomb. But the one reservation held by them has also been multiplied. Any international law controlling atomic weapons must be enforceable and it must be enforced. To disarm the non-Communist world and leave the Communist world armed with atomic weapons is not, on the record, a likely road to peace.

What the legal question boils down to is the Communist willingness or unwillingness to accept international restraint against aggression. Such acceptance is not impossible. Communism will not change, but Communists, being men, may change. The hope of a legal solution to the H-bomb lies in efforts, over a varied field, to change the minds of the Kremlin's leaders. Conceivably, even they may be made to realize that aggression will not pay.

The H-bomb's existence requires the U.S. to put much more strongly the case for international control of atomic weapons. Such control might impair unlimited national sovereignty as the world now knows it. It might imply a measure of world government. But the U.S. need not flinch at this prospect. Its own political history encourages the chance of a constitutional solution of a force so big that it calls for supranational control.

The Strategic Level. But there are no present signs that the Communists are moving toward acceptance of a legal solution. Meanwhile, the non-Communist world must protect itself, and in such a way as to exert maximum persuasion on the Communists to take the legal solution.

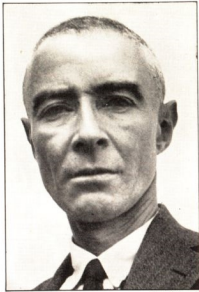
The H-bomb's existence does not vastly change the strategic situation. The U.S.'s resolve to maintain atomic superiority was reflected last week when the House increased appropriations to the AEC. The time may come when the race for superiority will be meaningless, but it has not come yet.

The Defense-Policy Level. President Eisenhower's New Look in national defense was shaped with full official knowledge of the H-bomb. That accounts for its emphasis on retaliatory striking power in the air. But the H-bomb does not lead to the conclusion that the U.S. must rely on H-bomb striking power alone. Secretary Dulles has repeatedly said that Red aggression in the future will be met with weapons chosen by the U.S. Some aggression might be met locally or countered elsewhere by non-atomic weapons. Such instruments of defense may be of special value in the political struggle which the U.S. must wage.

The Political Level. There is a vast agenda of political objectives, ranging from the defeat of the Communist parties in Western Europe to lowering the fever of the Israel-Arab hatred. What these objectives add up to is a strengthening of the health and unity of the free world. They are made more, not less, urgent by

the existence of the H-bomb. The basic reasoning that relates the political agenda to the H-bomb runs: the greater the free world's weakness or division, the greater the danger of Red aggression; the greater the temptation to aggression, the more the danger of war—and therefore of atomic war—grows.

The Economic Level. In most of Europe, nearly all of Asia and in other areas, the political strength of the non-Communist world is sapped by economic conditions basically unacceptable to the people. It is not a simple question of poverty—almost all people are less poor



Alan Richards

A-BOMB'S OPPENHEIMER

In uncertainty, hazards.

than they have ever been in history. Economic problems have taken an urgent and dangerous form in the presence of the possibility—evidenced by the U.S. itself—of enormous progress toward prosperity. Frustrated, this new hope becomes bitterness, political instability, even Communism. The U.S., whose example helped create the ferment, needs to go much further than it has gone in channeling economic discontent into practical programs for a rapidly rising productivity in the free world. The H-bomb solves nothing in this area, but progress in the economic field may help solve the problem raised by the H-bomb.

A Higher Challenge. What the H-bomb does is to restate age-old questions in new and much more urgent terms. Long ago, man got the news that something would surely kill him; that this was likely to be the evil in himself or another man; that law restraining evil was his hope and his duty; that sound politics and practical economics are the means to law, order and freedom; that the most desperate circumstances can call forth the noblest response. The road beyond Elugelab leads to a higher level of danger, of challenge, of opportunity.

THE NATION

Five Fears

The President of the U.S. came before the people this week in an effort to dispel fear. Over a nationwide radio and TV network, he calmly ticked off the misgivings of his countrymen and presented his Government's solutions to them.

The hydrogen bomb, he said, is "merely a dramatic symbol" of the nation's fears. "None of the questions that bother us today has an easy answer, and many of them have no answers at all, at least in their complete sense." The answer to these problems is to approach them as the average family does. An American family "meets its problems courageously. It doesn't get panicky. It solves these problems with what I call courage and faith, but above all by cooperation . . . Now the problems of America are the family problems multiplied a millionfold . . . The greater any of these apprehensions, the greater is the need that we look at them clearly, face to face, without fear, like honest, straightforward Americans, so that we do not develop the jitters or any kind of panic, that we do not fall prey to hysterical thinking."

The First Fear. The men in the Kremlin, said the President, may start an atomic war. The best way to still that apprehension is to consider the position of the men of the Kremlin. "The very fact that those men by their own design are in the Kremlin means that they love power. They want to be there. Whenever they start a war, they are taking the great risk of losing that power . . . When dictators overreach themselves and challenge the whole world, they are very likely to end up in any place except a dictatorial position, and those men in the Politburo know that."

Nevertheless, said the President, "I admit that there remains a possibility they might [start a war] in a fit of madness or through miscalculation." Of all the factors that inhibit them, none is greater than their knowledge of "the retaliation that would certainly be visited upon them if they were to attack any of our nations or any part of our vital interests."

The Second Fear. Next on the President's list was Communist infiltration. "It would be completely false," he said, "to minimize the danger of this penetration. It does exist." But "this fear has been greatly exaggerated as to numbers."

The Third Fear. There is another fear "that we will use intemperate investigative methods, particularly through congressional committees, to combat that Communist penetration." But "in this country, public opinion is the most powerful of all forces, and it will straighten this matter out wherever and whenever there is real violence done to our people."

The Fourth Fear. Another thing that is nagging Americans, said Ike, is the fear of losing allies abroad. There is, he recognized, one real menace to international friendships: "The one mistake we must never make is to think of our friends . . .

as being tools of ours. They are not. They are friends of ours, and if they are not friends, they are useless to us."

The Fifth Fear. Finally, said the President, the nation is afraid of unemployment and depression. Unemployment has risen as "a result of our efforts to go from a war to a peace economy," and the unemployment total "happily shows every sign now of leveling off." The mongers of gloom, he noted, "never say to you that there are more than 60 million people today gainfully employed in the United States . . . Employment that is very near to an alltime high . . . We have also a Government that is ready to act whenever necessary."

In conclusion, Ike jogged his listeners, like a general talking to his troops. "We don't have to fear . . . Of course there are risks, but we do not have to be hysterical . . . America is the greatest force that God has ever allowed to exist on his footstool. As such, it is up to us to lead this world to a peaceful and secure existence, and I assure you we can do it."

Wonderland Avenue Special

After looking at the 28-minute television film, *Operation Ivy*, last week, the U.S. public could hardly be blamed for feeling that it had been given too slight a review of the first full-scale thermonuclear explosion and too much of sonorous background music, theatrical hokum and bureaucratic lens-hogging. The film, released 17 months after the event (just in time to heighten world apprehension abroad over last month's two bigger explosions), was subject to massive and at times confusing cutting in the name of security. But even so, it might, as some of its scenes dramatically demonstrated,

have remained what it deserved to be—a simple record of a soul-shaking and historic event.

In its best moments, *Operation Ivy* gave the viewer a fascinating look into the curious world of atom experimentation. It showed the flat, coral islands of Eniwetok, the test tower rising above the surrounding sea, and, in views of vast test devices, evidence of the enormous toil and expense necessary to prepare for the explosion. The camera (from 50 miles off) showed the mushroom cloud rising through menacing black skies like a great, poisonous-looking gob of whipped cream.

Sugar-Coating. But the Government (the film was shot by the Air Force, reviewed by the Atomic Energy Commission, and released by the Federal Civil Defense Administration) was unable to resist sugar-coating. The finished product was all too worthy of the street from which it sprang—the address of the USAF laboratory, as the film publicity releases proudly state, is 8035 Wonderland Ave., Hollywood 46, Calif.

Instead of using a behind-the-scenes voice for narration, the producers of *Operation Ivy* employed Television Actor Reed Hadley, star of *Public Defender* and *Rocket Squad*, to saunter through the picture in khaki uniform, lighting his pipe, leaning negligently against bulkheads, and standing against the tropic sky. Actor Hadley (who was whisked secretly to the Pacific in 1952 and who was not allowed to let even his wife know where he had been until last week) could hardly be blamed for doing his conscientious best in the role assigned him. But a great deal of his job was devoted to the dull and time-filling task of identifying various dignitaries who stood, embarrassed



ACTOR REED HADLEY (STANDING) ABOARD OPERATION IVY FLAGSHIP
Instead of a simple record of a soul-shaking event, suds.

U.S. Air Force

but proud, before the camera for their due share of glory.

Outmoded Art. One look at the explosion indicated that civilian defense must be rapidly becoming an outmoded art. But the last few minutes of the film was devoted to a talk by Civil Defense Administrator Val Peterson, who sat at his desk and emitted such platitudes as "What you have just seen . . . [affects] the safety of our communities and the well-being of our homes and our families." He asked for preparation at home to guarantee "assurance that the American people are prepared to withstand any assault." "This," he added, with bitter, unconscious humor, "is no simple thing to do."

By some miracle of restraint, none of the participants in this macabre soap opera claimed that the bomb made marvelous underwater suits.

WORLD TRADE

A Balky Start

Is the U.S. going to develop a world economic policy to support its political objectives? This question was crystallized last week by President Eisenhower's foreign-trade message to Congress. If the program he recommended goes through Congress, the U.S. will have made a belated start toward a foreign economic policy. If not, a major gap in U.S. foreign policy will become more conspicuous than ever.

The President's recommendations to Congress followed closely the report of Steelmaker Clarence Randall's Commission on Foreign Economic Policy (TIME, Feb. 1). Said the President: "This program consists of four major parts: aid, which we wish to curtail; investment, which we wish to encourage; convertibility, which we wish to facilitate; and trade, which we wish to expand." He asked Congress for legislation on these major specifics:

□ Extend the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act for three years, with new presidential authority to negotiate tariff cuts up to 5% a year and to make other tariff adjustments.

□ Reduce by 14% the corporate income tax on the foreign operations of U.S. firms.

□ Allow foreign firms to compete for U.S. Government business.

On Capitol Hill, congressional leaders expected Chairman Daniel Reed of the House Ways & Means Committee, a dissenter on the Randall Commission Report, to bury freer trade legislation with either silence or a mass of endless testimony at public hearings.

Speaker Joseph W. Martin hoped to postpone the issue until next year. He was in no mood to repeat last year's performance on the excess-profits tax, when he had to wrest working control of the Ways & Means Committee away from Dan Reed. This year old Dan has gone along with the Administration's social-security expansion program. Martin does not want

to repay Reed by opening an all-out fight against him on tariffs.

So the program will be lost unless President Eisenhower goes to the people with a ringing explanation of the importance of freer trade to U.S. foreign policy.

INVESTIGATIONS

Words & Music

One day last week, a Washington-bound airliner put down at Memphis and Lawyer Samuel Sears, a ruddy, pipe-smoking Bostonian with a grey Homburg, natty bow tie and wispy mustache, stepped out for a breath of fresh air. A reporter rushed up to him asking: "Pardon me, sir, but are you the Australian ambassador?"

He was not, but what he was made him of far greater interest to the U.S. newspaper-reading public: he had just been



Attorney SEARS
Candid?

named the Mundt committee counsel, the man who would direct the investigation of the row between Joe McCarthy and the U.S. Army.

An In-Law's Help. Acting Committee Chairman Karl Mundt, in his three-week search for a counsel, had said, "This job is seeking the man; the man shouldn't seek the job." But Sam Sears was no worm to hide in that old chestnut. He telephoned his Congressman, Boston's Laurence Curtis, to say that he was available. Curtis told Massachusetts' Senator Leverett Saltonstall, who told Mundt, who told Washington's Democratic Senator Henry M. "Scoop" Jackson, a committee member, to locate Sears and invite him to Washington.

Meanwhile, in Oklahoma, Sears's son-in-law David Busby, a local Democratic politico, proposed Sears's name to Democratic Senator Mike Monroney. Monroney's endorsement helped make up Jackson's mind in Sears's favor.

After meeting with the committee, Sears held a press conference, where he was asked if he had expressed opinions on "McCarthy or McCarthyism." Said Sears: "Not publicly, and not privately."

Newsman promptly found that in 1952 Sears had said McCarthy "has done a great job . . . Why, there would be 200 more Communists in the Government if it wasn't for McCarthy." The record of a debate last fall with Harvard Professor Mark Howe showed that Sears had argued: "If ridding the Government of hundreds of traitors . . . is called McCarthyism, then I am glad it has a place in the dictionary."

Sam Sears explained that he had misunderstood the press-conference question; he thought it referred only to the case of McCarthy v. the Army, and not McCarthy generally. Committee Democrats did not like this answer, wanted Chairman Mundt to drop Sears, start looking for a more candid lawyer.

Toothpicks & Jalopies. Samuel Powers Sears, 58 (remote kin of "Bobo" Paul Sears Rockefeller), comes from a Cape Cod seafaring family whose heritage he upholds as commodore of the Dennis (Mass.) Yacht Club. At Harvard ('17), Sam turned his musical talent into Hasty Pudding shows—tunes by Sears, words by Robert Sherwood. The pair worked in a musty office, where young Sherwood hung his portrait among those of the great poets, while Sam's was flanked by pictures of Bach, Beethoven and Mozart. Sam can still pound out lively barroom piano music, but with maturity, he has acquired a greater fancy for collecting old cars and gold toothpicks.

Sears built a reputation as an able trial lawyer specializing in defending claims against insurance companies, became president of the Massachusetts Bar Association. In 1952, a candidate of the Taft forces, he made an abortive bid for the Republican gubernatorial nomination against Congressman (now Governor) Christian Herter.

Bostonians who knew Sears doubted that his main motive in seeking the job was to help McCarthy. It was more likely to be a desire to help Sam Sears.

Some policemen qualify to be detectives; others must pound the beat. Last week's most celebrated cop on the beat: wealthy, epicurean Private G. David Schine, McCarthy's former investigator and present source of embarrassment.

Two weeks ago, Harvardman Schine finished basic military police training at Georgia's Camp Gordon, where he had applied for the Army's criminal investigation course. The application was rejected last week by Major General William H. Maglin, the provost marshal general, who explained that Schine had been an "outstanding soldier" at Camp Gordon, "but I'm not sure that the past history previous thereto was the same."

For the present, added the general, Schine will direct traffic, guard gates and patrol the city of Augusta.

THE CONGRESS

Presto Chango

Last week the U.S. Senate showed rare skill at sleight of hand. In one and the same motion, it passed the Hawaiian-Alaskan statehood bill by an impressive 57-10-28 vote and killed the chances of both territories for this year. Reason: the bill, as many of the Senators were fully aware, cannot get through the House.

Already passed by the House was a measure for Hawaiian—and only Hawaiian—statehood. This was the bill that the Senate finally passed last week, a year behind schedule. But the Senate had made a change in the bill: it had amended it to include statehood for Alaska. To reconcile the two versions, a House-Senate conference is necessary; it will probably not be held.

The House can appoint conferees only by 1) unanimous consent, which Southern Representatives will be happy to refuse because they don't like the idea of statehood for multiracial Hawaii, or 2) a go-ahead from its legislative traffic cop, the Rules Committee, controlled by the G.O.P. leadership, which is notably lukewarm toward Alaskan statehood.

Speaker Joe Martin made no secret of Republican plans to let the bill die quietly. Said Martin: "We have a pretty busy program and can't waste time with something that can't pass." Asked if there was any pressure to speed the bill to conference, Martin replied: "No, but I know of plenty who'll see it does not go to conference."

One slight chance remained: the possibility of an all-out effort by President Eisenhower to get the bill through Congress. And Dwight Eisenhower is already on the record against Alaskan statehood at this time.

Last week the Congress also:

¶ Advanced, by a party-line 7-10-6 vote in the Senate Labor Committee, a Taft-Hartley revision bill along the lines of President Eisenhower's recommendations (TIME, Jan. 18). Missing from the bill: an Eisenhower proposal for a secret strike ballot under Government auspices.

¶ Scheduled for debate this week in the House, a bill permitting court use of wiretap evidence in cases involving national defense and security, e.g., crimes of treason, sabotage, espionage and sedition. The evidence would be admissible only when the wiretap had been authorized in writing by the Attorney General. The House Judiciary Committee voted for the bill, 19 to 9.

¶ Killed in the House, by a 211-10-176 count, President Eisenhower's four-year, 140,000-unit public housing program. The House also refused to grant the President authority to raise interest rates for new G.I. home loans and other Government-insured mortgages. With these modifications, the House passed and sent to the Senate what was left of the Administration's omnibus housing bill.

¶ Reduced by \$59 million, in the House Appropriations Committee, the Interior



George Skodding—Live
CANDIDATE YOUNGER
Disgusted.

Department's budget request, thus brought it down to \$363,360,989.

¶ Jumped, in the House, when an amateur photographer set off a flashbulb in the gallery—in the same spot where Puerto Rican terrorists stood and fired on Congressmen just a month before.

POLITICAL NOTES

A Chat with Millie

At a luncheon in Pasadena last week, Mrs. Mildred Younger, 33, a comely GOPolitician, faced State Senator Jack B. Tenney, 56, whose political record is far from comely. Tenney represents the big 38th District (which takes in Los An-



Associated Press
SENATOR JOHNSON
Wistful.

geles County, with more than 4,000,000 people). He was chairman of the legislature's McCarthyite Red-hunting committee and once wrote a Christian Nationalist tract, *Zionist Network*. Mrs. Younger has decided to run against him.

According to luncheon protocol no candidate could mention another, but Millie Younger, whose brains and looks delighted the 1952 Republican Convention (TIME, July 21, 1952), felt she had to challenge Tenney's bland assertion that "I have never been connected in any way with Gerald L. K. Smith." As the lunch ended, she went up to Tenney, snapped: "I'm disgusted with you." Replied Tenney: "Likewise."

Younger: Do you mean to say you have no connection with Gerald L. K. Smith?

Tenney: That's right.

Younger: Wasn't your picture on the cover of *The Cross & the Flag* last month?

Tenney: Yes. Wonderful, wasn't it?

Younger: Isn't that Gerald L. K. Smith's publication?

Tenney: I believe so.

Younger: But you still have no connection with him?

Tenney: That's right.

Younger: Weren't you a candidate for the vice presidency [of the U.S.] on the Christian Nationalist Party ticket?

Tenney: I ran with Douglas MacArthur.*

Younger: But wasn't it the C.N.P.?

Tenney: I don't know; I think so.

Younger: You don't know! Well, Gerald L. K. Smith is executive secretary of that party, just in case you didn't know.

Tenney: Well, Gerald L. K. Smith is a fine American. When this is all over, it will have been a lot of fun. [Exit Tenney.]

When it's all over, Tenney's long political career may well be, too. California observers expect the race to be close, believe that Mrs. Younger has at this moment a lead.

Gesture for Fern

Counting U.S. Senate seats that they expected to win this fall, Democrats underestimated the power of plump, matronly Fern Armitage Johnson, wife (for 47 years) of Colorado's Democratic Senator Edwin Johnson. Big Ed has never lost an election and seemed sure to win again in November. But after 18 years in Washington, Mrs. Johnson felt homesick for Colorado. Last week Big Ed announced: "Mrs. Johnson has developed a complex about living longer in Washington, so retirement is a must."

At 70, Ed Johnson is still healthy and hard-working. He sounded wistful about quitting the Senate, but Fern Johnson, squeezing his hand, was "just wild with joy." Republicans were delighted, too. Johnson's Senate seat, previously a Democratic cinch, is now open to capture.

* MacArthur was nominated for President by the Christian Nationalist Party in 1952 without his expressed consent or approval.

DEMOCRATS

Two Without Support

Stephen Mitchell decided that he has troubles enough as chairman of the Democratic National Committee without taking on the special problems of two California Democrats running for Congress: 1) Robert L. Condon, the Congressman who was barred—as a “security risk”—from witnessing atom-bomb tests in Nevada last year; and 2) James Roosevelt, whose wife—now seeking separation—has accused him of adultery with a dozen women.

“Both of these candidates have taken the view that our primaries may be used for personal vindication,” wrote Mitchell last week. “We will exercise our right to withhold support.” Roosevelt promptly protested that such a policy “would, if generally accepted, open the door to political blackmail . . . I shall not campaign for vindication,” he said. “I shall campaign on the issues and my qualifications for the office.”

Target: the G.O.P.

When Adlai Stevenson showed up last week in Charlotte, N.C., newsmen noted his heavier tan and lighter humor (compared to his showing in Miami last month), but few other apparent changes. If not running for office, he was at least a man in motion. He was still glad-handing party pols and casting pearls wit before crowds (on his bothersome kidney stone: “A subversive element”). It was only in his major speech, wildly cheered by some 3,500 Carolina Democrats, that a bigger change showed.

In his Miami speech, Stevenson had set his sights on Ike; the Democratic tar-

get for '54, he indicated, was to be the President himself. In Charlotte last week, Ike was all but praised. Stevenson's target became the men around Ike and the G.O.P. itself. “When our President bestirs himself, ignores the expedient counsel of small-bore politicians and clears the high-pressure salesmen out of his house,” said Stevenson, “I confidently predict that the American people will be enthusiastically and gratefully behind him. But I fear he will have to make his choice between uniting his party and uniting his nation . . . He cannot do both.”

In his shift of emphasis, Stevenson has returned to the line of Democratic Senate Leader Lyndon Johnson, who believes that it is politically fruitless to attack Ike directly; that the best Democratic strategy is to praise Ike, attack “the men around him.”

COMMUNISTS

The Atom Maniac

During her 21 years as a Communist, pale, spectacled Barbara Hartle served the party with unflinching and selfless fervor. She was second in command of its activities in the Pacific Northwest for almost a decade, and she was one of twelve women Communists to be convicted, under the Smith Act, of conspiring to advocate overthrow of the Government by force and violence. But despite this outward dedication, she was beset by doubts about the party during many years of her service to Marxism. She was actually steeling herself to escape it, when the FBI put her under arrest in 1952.

After being indicted, she decided to keep her mouth shut and take her punishment. She stood trial, was convicted with

four other Northwest Communist leaders, and was sentenced to pay \$1,000 and serve five years in prison. Last week she became the first party leader convicted under the Smith Act to publicly renounce Communism. Mrs. Hartle's act was obviously one of deep disillusionment. “If I had wanted leniency,” she said, “I could have gone to the FBI before the trial.”

Absolute Certainty. Like many another U.S. Communist, Barbara Hartle, now 45, joined the party because she was “troubled about the Depression.” She was a “bookworm” who had earned a Phi Beta Kappa key at Washington State College and aspired to be a writer. “At first,” she recalls, “I didn't feel any real need of the C.P.—it just seemed to be doing more about the Depression.” But by 1940 she was chairman of the Spokane section, and was given great authority. “That was the one year in which I felt I actually was a Communist and entertained no thought of ever being anything else. I was absolutely certain that the C.P. was right.”

But soon doubts, vague at first, deeply troubling later, crept into her mind. As an underpaid (\$45 a week), hard-driven organizer, speaker and party executive in Seattle, she had little time to reflect on them. She lived frugally, seldom thought of her personal needs. Her marriage broke up—she had no time for home or husband. The party permeated her life. Then, in 1950, she was ordered to go underground to avoid arrest; she got a job as a waitress in a Eugene, Ore. restaurant.

Pure Agony. Suddenly, she had time to go to the movies, to read what she chose to read, to live away from the constant authority of the party. She reflected on the party's complete disregard for the feelings, health or personal lives of its people. “I came to realize that the average American's judgment of the C.P. is the correct one—it is teaching and advocating the overthrow of the Government of the U.S. by force and violence, and it does put Soviet Russia first.”

“One day I thought, ‘My God, don't I care about the party any more?’ I didn't.” She completely broke contact. “I was so surprised when I was arrested. I somehow thought [the FBI] must know so much about me they would realize I no longer wanted to be a Communist.” Her six-month trial was “pure agony.” Her Communist co-defendants felt that she was no longer one of them, and she simply sat silent. But she spent two delightful months in the King County jail before she was released on bail pending appeal.

“During those two months, I had more freedom than I had in all the 21 years in the party. I felt, for the first time in my adult life, that if I had an opinion about something I could express it any way I wanted without fear of reproach from someone higher up.” She believes that she would have made no open break if the party had not stubbornly attempted to force her back into the Communist routine. “I was beset on all sides.”

Sensing her despair, a young Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* reporter named Tray-



Hack Miller—Seattle Post-Intelligencer

EX-COMMUNIST HARTLE & NEWSMAN HANSEN
She spent two delightful months in the King County jail.

nor Hansen suggested that she should go to the FBI, tell what she knew, and make an open break with the party. She debated with herself for three days, finally called him. He took her to the FBI, and for two weeks she talked—she named names, told about underground operations, party finances and channels of command, verified the Government's suspicion that the party membership in Washington State had fallen from 800 to 400 hard-bitten members.

"Barbara Hartle, stoolpigeon," responded the Northwest's *Daily People's World*. "... has destroyed herself forever ... has joined the ranks of the atom maniacs, the Hitlerites, the persecutors and inquisitors of every honest and Democratic element in American life."

Longtime Communist Ben Gold, 55, president of the Fur & Leather Workers Union, was found guilty by a Federal Court jury in Washington last week of making false statements to a Government agency. His crime: filing a Taft-Hartley law non-Communist affidavit on Aug. 30, 1950, a few days after "fraudulently" announcing his resignation from the party.

LABOR

The Businessman

Pink-cheeked and cold-eyed, Teamster Chieftain Dave Beck is one labor leader who not only admires the U.S. Big Businessman but considers himself a self-made if not yet fully recognized member of their lodge—he is proud of having made a fortune as a capitalist himself.

When a group of 200 Harvard Business School graduates asked him to address them at Pasadena's high-hat Huntington Hotel last week, Beck (perhaps not knowing they had first failed to get eleven less controversial capitalists, among them Studebaker's Paul Hoffman and Lockheed's Robert Gross) was proud and happy to oblige. "I contend," said Beck, "that we are in a very serious recession. Ten weeks ago, I stated that the auto industry was in a terrible condition. Everybody said I was a prophet of gloom. But about three weeks later the *Wall Street Journal* came out with an article about the trouble the auto industry was having. What is the sense of closing our eyes to the facts? You can't take something out of the bucket unless it's in the bucket."

"Labor is a human equation but the handling of labor unions is a business, a big business. I've got 32 million dollars in my treasury. As a businessman, I can see we're going into a severe recession. . . and I think business should call us in to discuss it." He did not blink when he was asked: "Mr. Beck, in view of this recession you speak about, wouldn't it be unwise for your men to ask for more money?" Said Businessman Beck: "Since I firmly believe we are in a recession, I am cautioning the members of this international union to study very carefully before they shock industry with demands for an increase in the pay structure."

ARMED FORCES

The Man for the Job

When General Hoyt Sanford Vandenberg, then a youthfully handsome man of 49, hurdled his seniors to become Chief of Staff of the new U.S. Air Force in April 1948, even his airmen friends agreed that "Van" was hardly the man for the job. The Air Force definition of its strategic mission had not been accepted, savage fights over increased air power were obviously ahead, and planning was restricted by the balance-of-forces system, which parceled out equal funds to the



GENERAL VANDENBERG
One bottle he lost.

three services. Vandenberg, one of the finest pilots the Air Force ever had, was a shy, pleasant, introverted man, a good field commander with a fine record, but short, even by the friendliest estimates, of the stature and dynamic force needed to lead the Air Force through this maze. Tall, easygoing Hoyt Vandenberg set about proving the skeptics wrong—in his own way.

The Vandenberg way did not include the public martyrdom of a Billy Mitchell or the free-swinging tactics of a "Hap" Arnold. Van ducked involvement in side issues and took long detours around personal feuds. During the "revolt of the admirals" in 1949, with its raucous attack on the B-36, during the MacArthur hearings of 1951, when the atmosphere was alive with bitterness and emotion, and again last year when the West Point budget was cut by \$5 billion, West Pointer Vandenberg refused to be goaded into name-calling or personal acrimony. Quietly, doggedly, and with great clarity, he plugged away at explaining the gospel of strategic air power. This gospel held that the long-range bomber, always poised with its devastating atomic load to strike back at an aggressor, is the most pow-

erful U.S. weapon and the best deterrent to war.

By the time he retired last June, Vandenberg's record showed beyond argument that he was indeed the man for the job. When he became Chief of Staff, the big debate was over a 70-wing Air Force; when he left, the Air Force was moving toward 137 wings. The balance-of-forces theory had fallen into disrepute. The strategic-air concept was firmly established.

These battles Van won. Another, he lost. Nearly two years ago, he underwent surgery for cancer, and it was generally thought that he had made a remarkable recovery. But last summer, while playing golf, he complained of "bursitis" pains; examination at Walter Reed Hospital last October revealed widespread malignancy. After that, he was comatose most of the time, and last week, at 55, Hoyt Vandenberg died.

TAXES

"Carry Me Back"

A prominent Virginian admitted last week that he had failed to pay his state taxes by the Jan. 15 deadline and that the state tax commissioner had sternly penalized him \$25. "An oversight," was the mortified explanation of T. Coleman Andrews, who had hastily paid up his tax and fine. As U.S. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Andrews was so busy collecting federal taxes, he explained, that he clean forgot about his annual obligation to his home state.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

How Close?

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, in a St. Louis speech last September, served notice on the Chinese Communists. Said he: "There is the risk that, as in Korea, Red China might send its own army into Indo-China. . . . Such a second aggression could not occur without grave consequences which might not be confined to Indo-China." This week Dulles told the House Foreign Affairs Committee of the extent to which the Chinese have ignored his warning. The situation: "Rather ominous."

The Communists besieging Dienbienphu, said Dulles, are using new radar-controlled antiaircraft guns that are "operated by members of the Chinese military establishment." A Chinese general with "nearly a score of Chinese technical advisers" is at Viet Minh staff headquarters near Dienbienphu. Some 1,000 Red trucks in Indo-China are "driven by Chinese army personnel."

When Dulles told the House committee all this, Connecticut's Republican Representative Albert P. Moran asked him if the Chinese are not committing the direct aggression that Dulles had said might produce U.S. retaliation, perhaps outside of Indo-China.

Replied the Secretary of State: "They're coming awful close to it."

FOREIGN NEWS

COLD WAR

"Let Us All Thank God"

The world's greatest orator addressed himself this week to the world's most pressing problem. Somehow, it seemed appropriate that Sir Winston Churchill—born in the age of lance-bearing cavaliers, a captain of two world wars, the statesman who first recognized the A-bomb as the free world's chief deterrent to Communist aggression—should recite the perils and promises of the thermonuclear age.

The hydrogen bomb tests, he told the House of Commons, "increase the chances of world peace more than the chances of war." In one of his most moving performances, the soon-to-retire, old (79) Prime Minister stepped forward to dam a flood of justified concern and political alarm which had hit Britain in the wake of the U.S. thermonuclear experiments.

"We might, I think, reflect for one moment how we should feel . . . if it was the Soviet government instead of the U.S. government which was carrying out this series . . ." said he. "Before we come to anything else, let us all thank God for sparing us that!"

So long as the U.S. stays ahead of the Communists in the search for more powerful weapons, Churchill continued, the hydrogen bomb will be a deterrent to war. The U.S. advantage also gives "time, though not too much time, to consider the problems which now confront us . . . and to talk them over in their new proportions."

Panic & Delay. Long lines—some said the longest in memory—formed outside Commons hours before Sir Winston strode in, to answer a Laborite motion labeling the thermonuclear bomb a "grave threat to civilization" and seeking a Big Three meeting. Sensational left-wing papers fed the public outcry with near-hysterical headlines. Trying to stave off the panic, Churchill at first nourished it last week by admitting: "We have not got [the facts]." But then he contradicted himself ("I am in almost hourly correspondence with the Government of the U.S."), and solicited from Washington a stream of confidential cables providing all the thermonuclear information that the U.S. could release under the terms of the McMahon (atomic security) Act. Then, in Commons, Churchill used it with devastating effect.

Pale-faced Clement Attlee was first on his feet. "Once there is a war in the modern age, in the last resort, any weapon will be used," he said. "There is no guarantee that in some country, at some time, there may not arise to power a fanatic who hated the human race or believed that all civilization might be destroyed."

Equality of Annihilation. The old, familiar figure stumped up to the dispatch box. With a twinkle in his eye, Sir Winston threw in his well-assembled rebuttal.

"I cannot feel that this is a day of tribulation," he said. "We are all naturally concerned with the prodigious experiments in the Pacific, but . . . we would rather have them carried out there than in Siberia."

"The hydrogen bomb," said he, "carries us into dimensions which have never confronted practical human thought and have been confined to the realms of fantasy and imagination . . . We do not know what the Soviets are doing inside their vast ocean of land, [but] it does not follow that the H-bomb is particularly favorable to them. Their enormous . . . territory, which seemed to limit the atom bomb . . . is no longer likely to give the same immunity to the far wider effects



Brian Sead

CHURCHILL
Some bombs of his own.

of the hydrogen bomb and the clouds of radioactive dust and vapors to which it gives rise."

The result, said Churchill, is "a certain element of equality of annihilation. Strange as it may seem—and I beg you not to disdain it—it is to the universality of potential destruction that I feel we may have to look with hope, and even with confidence."

Secret Treaty. The Socialists laughed—for a moment. Then Churchill dropped a bomb of his own on the opposition. In 1943, Churchill said, he and President Roosevelt made a secret atomic agreement. Its most important clause: "We will not use [this agency] against third parties, without each other's consent."

The House of Commons reverberated. Churchill calmly dropped another bomb. The Labor government, he charged, had thrown away the advantages inherent in this deal when it took office.

Attlee exploded: "We did not abandon

any of these agreements . . . We carried them out." But the old man rumbled on: "When I visited the U.S. two years ago, I showe this document to Senator McMahon . . . He told me: 'If I had seen this agreement, there would have been no McMahon Act.'" The House rocked in amazement. "Resign!" shouted Laborites. Beefy Laborite M.P. Bessie Brad-dock bawled: "Why don't you get out?" But Sir Winston just plowed on through the fertile soil of logic.

Labor's request for a Big Three meeting was all right, he said, but only on the condition that "immediate" does not imply "action at an unsuitable time." But this time he retreated from his own earlier (May 1953) plea for a "parley at the summit." "It seems to me," he said, "with the Geneva Conference imminent . . . you could hardly pick a more ill-chosen moment . . . for a meeting of heads of states. We must certainly see what happens there before attempting what is, after all, a very unusual reserve procedure."

Windup. Disappointed Laborites cried "shame" at this "concession" to U.S. views. But Sir Winston, undaunted, carried the fight to them. He chided the neutralists: "It is a delusion to suppose that a declaration of our neutrality would make us immune to danger from Russia."

"If the United States withdrew from Europe altogether—as well she might—with her three-quarter circle of hydrogen bases already spread around the globe, she would face Russia alone," said Sir Winston, "as she certainly could. I cannot doubt that war in those circumstances would be nearer than it is today, when the anxiety of the United States—to their abiding honor—is so largely centered on the freedom and safety of Western Europe and the British Isles."

April Fool?

The Soviet Union made an astonishing proposal last week. In 1,700-word notes to Britain, France and the U.S., Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov invited the U.S. to join his proposed pan-European security alliance and in return asked for a seat for Russia in the councils of NATO.

The proposal was unveiled, with a certain unconscious appropriateness, on April 1, and it actually amounted to this: 1) The U.S. would join a Kremlin-organized coalition conceived with the ultimate aim of pushing the U.S. out of Europe, while 2) Russia would contribute armed forces and help plot the strategy of the grand Western alliance that was created only to stand off the armed forces of Russia.

Some could not believe at first that the news was true. Example: many Swedes telephoned Stockholm newspapers to protest that the times were too serious for playing April Fool jokes in the headlines. Even the Communists were perplexed. Example: after years of obediently denouncing NATO as "aggressive . . . war-

mongering . . . imperialist," editorialists for East German newspapers stumbled all over themselves trying to explain why the Kremlin was suddenly applying for NATO membership and inviting the American imperialists into the peace-loving proletarian camp.

Try the U.N. Western diplomats promptly skewered the Soviet maneuver for the impossible thing it was. The State Department noted that only a few weeks ago at Berlin, Molotov had lambasted NATO and introduced his pan-European pact idea with the specific proviso that the U.S. should be excluded except as an "observer." Now he was switching decks. "It is a maneuver," said the U.S. spokesman, "to gain admittance within the walls of the West, to undermine its security."

In Britain, while Laborites complained of this "unilateral" U.S. action on the Molotov offer, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden rose in the House of Commons to add Britain's thumbs down. If Russia really seeks relaxation of world tensions, disarmament and security, said he, the United Nations "affords the best forum and the most hopeful opportunity."

The Usual Aim. Like so many of the ostensibly clumsy swipes which Vyacheslav Molotov makes with his diplomatic hammer & sickle, this one had a method, and a danger to it. In a week when many of the U.S.'s allies seemed politically mesmerized by the mushrooming cloud of the thermonuclear bomb (see *NATIONAL AFFAIRS*), Molotov adroitly played on man's justified concern over the power he now holds in his arsenals: "There can be no doubt that the employment of atomic and hydrogen weapons in a war . . . would mean the wholesale annihilation of civilians and the destruction of big cities . . ." Here the aim was the usual—to excite the excitable world into banning atom-age weapons so that the wide-open U.S. would not be able to have any, while Iron-Curtained Russia could stockpile them at will.

Molotov also played on wavering France's fears over the proposed European Army: "The main role," said Molotov, "is assigned to the armed forces of West Germany, with Nazi generals at the head."

Many Britons, French and West Germans thought they saw more to worry about in these tactics than Washington appeared to see. Allied diplomats in Moscow warned that one of Molotov's big objectives apparently was to provoke the U.S. into a prompt and flat rejection. "For the Soviets," commented a French official, "it is essential for the U.S. to say no to everything in 1954."

FRANCE

The Juin Affair

The only living Marshal of France was sacked for flouting orders and openly attacking government policy. The Premier of France was roughed up in a mob scene beneath the Arc de Triomphe. For 20 miserable minutes the Minister of Defense was surrounded and threatened by



DEFENSE MINISTER PLEVIN (WITH GLASSES) & DEMONSTRATORS
No hits, only jostles.

a muttering, gesticulating gang of Parisians. That, in brief, was what was going on in Paris while on the other side of the world, at Dienbienphu, soldiers of France fought to glory.

The man who lit the fuse was seven-starred Marshal Alphonse Juin, 65, first soldier of France, vice president of France's national defense council, commander in chief of the Central European forces of NATO. For publicly and roundly condemning the proposed European Army (which he was likely to command if it should materialize), blunt, impetuous Marshal Juin was summoned personally by Premier Joseph Laniel to the

Hôtel Matignon to give an account of his actions.

Jun refused to come. How about Thursday? Laniel suggested. "Impossible," said Jun. "I have to go to Germany."

The Premier, swallowing his indignation, then wrote: "Come to see me Wednesday," and sent the summons by messenger. But the messenger did not hand it personally to Juin, and the Marshal lost his temper at this breach of etiquette. "Another day," he retorted, "not tonight."

Laniel waited, nevertheless, confident that Juin would change his imperious mind and obey at the last moment. A clock chimed 7 p.m. No Marshal Juin. 7:15 p.m.: a bustle in the courtyard, and Defense Minister Plevin arrived. At 7:45 p.m., Laniel and Plevin walked out to the Premier's car. "Is Marshal Juin coming?" a waiting newsman asked. "No comment," said Laniel. The ministers drove to the Elysée Palace to confer with President Coty. Afterwards, Laniel summoned an emergency Cabinet meeting.

Ears & Guts. At 11:30 that night, 22 ministers somberly gathered at the Elysée. They were just in time to hear a full report on a cavalry officers' banquet held that same evening in the Bois de Boulogne. There, in splendid regalia, Marshal Alphonse Juin had made another speech—even more mocking than before. He did not take back a word about EDC. Marshal Juin, a graduate of St. Cyr (where he was a classmate of Charles de Gaulle), was utterly opposed to handing over the army of Napoleon and Foch to the dubious control of a hybrid international command. "I have always thought what I think now," he said. Like the Gaullists, Juin professed to favor German rearmament in some other form. But, like most other right-wing opponents of EDC, he left unexplained how a France which fears



MARSHAL JUIN
No bugler, he.

AGIP—Block Star

to rearm Germany with EDC restrictions would be persuaded to let Germany re-arm without such restrictions.

To great applause, the Marshal announced that he was speaking for the good of France, to force the Cabinet to put EDC to a decision. Standing at ease at the banquet table, his epaulettes glittering, his voice tinged with a sneer, he slapped at the government. "What we really need is to have a government," Cabinets "without continuity" can do nothing, he complained, and appeals for action are lost on "administrations without ears and without guts." His voice rose. "We are a great country which still has some good cards to play, but must know how to play them."

The Challenge. That did it. With a flick of his dress gloves, France's first soldier was challenging the authority and

strategy. The State Secretary for War personally drove to Juin's home to tell him of the decision. "He will get this message personally, at least," a minister is reported to have said sarcastically.

Jostled Premier. All France rocked at the news. Gaullists booed and catcalled; Communists discovered that "militarist Juin" was really a fellow citizen resisting EDC. Premier Laniel had to stand before the excited National Assembly to justify his government's decision. "There is no question of being for or against EDC," he explained. "It is simply a matter of whether a servant of the state owes obedience to the state."

Laniel read some correspondence between himself and Juin. In one letter, Juin had written: "I will not be called on the carpet like a simple bugler . . ." Another: "I don't want to come to the

shouting: 'Resign! Resign!'" Leaflets showered down: "They fired Juin today, will they arrest De Gaulle tomorrow?" A man shook his fist in the Defense Minister's face. Officials helped Laniel elbow his way to a police car. Police had to link arms and plow a path before Plevin could make it to his own car. "This is the first time such a disgraceful and disagreeable scene has ever occurred at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier," said an official.

The demonstration was shocking enough, but the reports that went out to France and the rest of the world were even more shocking. Correspondents (including those of the Associated Press, United Press, New York *Herald Tribune*) reported colorfully, and in varying detail, that Plevin had been slapped, his hair pulled, his glasses knocked off, and that the Premier of France had been kicked—one said in the pants. "Both were jostled badly," said one of the demonstrators later, "but not hit. I am sorry Plevin was not mauled."

So the Marshal of France was fired. But his supporters had no intention of letting him fade away. Though he had often disavowed any political ambition, it remained to be seen whether Soldier Juin would become a power on the turbulent French political scene.

INDO-CHINA

"He Who Holds Out"

The official French spokesman arrived at the press camp in Hanoi one night this week with stirring news. "We may now consider," he said, "that the second phase of the battle for Dienbienphu is ended." This meant that 15,000 surrounded, bone-tired French Union troops had again thrown back 40,000 Communists assaulting the rubble-dust fortress of Dienbienphu. The army of Red General Giap, torn by frightful casualties, was still coming in from the jungle and the hills, and a third great assault was a-building. But so far, Dienbienphu had gallantly defended the hopes of the free world, and the tricolor still rippled free in the gunsmoke. The battle last week:

D-Day: Overcast and grey. At 1600, Giap orders gunfire against the five remaining French strongpoints in the 12-by-4-mile valley. At 1630, black-garbed Communist infantry come at a run for the southern strongpoint. It is only a feint. Half an hour later 105-mm. fire hits the northeast and southeast strongpoints, and Communist infantry moves into trenches near the French barbed wire.

At 1830, bugles sound, and suicide squads blast through the wire. Two Communist divisions, some 10,000 strong, launch a "human sea" attack against both strongpoints. It is the first big attack since bloody "Phase One" of 17 days before. Objective: Bald Head Hill, 200 ft. high in the southeast strongpoint, commanding all other French positions.

At 2000, the two Red divisions crack the northeast strongpoint, overrun three of its five or six outposts. Then the Communists take Bald Head. At 2200, French



United Press

DEFENDERS OF DIENBIENPHU

From paratroopers and switchboard operators, new glory for France.

assaulting the integrity of France's civilian leaders. The Cabinet could not treat the challenge lightly. Marshal Juin is France's military hero, an idol of its officer corps. A peppery disciplinarian with a splendid combat record (five times cited in dispatches, twice wounded, three times decorated in the field), he is the only Frenchman to hold one of the four top European commands in NATO. Tough and wiry, a born soldier and a patriot, he has a flair for fast horses, smart uniforms, brandy, and resounding candor. It was his candor and his refusal to curb it that proved Marshal Juin's undoing.

As soon as he heard the report of Juin's speech to the cavalry officers, Defense Minister Plevin delivered an ultimatum: "Either he goes or I do." The Cabinet sided with Plevin. By 1 a.m., it 1) canceled Juin's right to advise on promotions of army generals, 2) removed him from the defense council, 3) deposed him from his position as chief adviser on military

Hôtel Matignon and run into a crowd of newspapermen . . . waiting with curiosity for a man who is about to be thrashed with saddle straps." Said Laniel to the Assembly, with a sigh: "I told him he could use a side entrance, but his mind was made up." The National Assembly laughed—in sympathy with Premier Laniel and with civilian government. It supported the sacking of Marshal Juin. Juin indicated that he would quit his NATO job—but not until he was assured that another Frenchman would get it.

Outside, in the streets of Paris, the affair did not end so smoothly. At week's end, bands of right-wing students, veterans, followers of General de Gaulle and monarchists began parading and shouting, "Vive Juin!" Laniel and Plevin went to a ceremony at the Arc de Triomphe for the fallen soldiers of Dienbienphu.

At the end of the ceremonies, a glowering, hostile crowd surrounded Laniel and Plevin. Gaullist hooligans lunged at them,

Commanding Colonel Christian de Castries calls for air support. Privateers, B-26s, Bearcats, even DC-3 transports sprinkle high explosive and napalm into Red infantry support zones, but the enemy holds its gains. French HQ later admits: "The first news was bad."

D-Plus-One: An elite Moroccan battalion counterattacks on Bald Head. It is close-quarter battle with light machine guns, rifles, knives, grenades and crude bamboo spears. Six times the hill changes hands. At 0700, French 19-ton tanks and flame-thrower squads sear the Communists out. The Moroccans count 300 Communist dead on just one segment of their broken wire. De Castries radios HQ: "I am still master of the situation."

But the Communists hold their gains in the northeast. All day, French and U.S. civilian pilots airdrop sorely needed supplies. Many supply loads drift into enemy lines. In the afternoon, French tactical air puts in two big strikes against the three fallen outposts in the northeast. At 1600, De Castries counterattacks the outposts, wins back two. But he cannot stay. French HQ claims the enemy lost 1,350 dead in the first 24 hours. French casualties are also high, and there is no evacuation for the wounded.

D-Plus-Two: Just after midnight, the Communists surge again towards Bald Head, marked by a single lightning-blasted tree-stump etched against the flarelight. The Moroccans repel them, and quiet comes. For almost eleven hours the tired armies get a rest. Early afternoon, the Communists slam in heavy strength against Bald Head, and edge the Moroccans off the crest. But De Castries is still confident. "Le moral de mes hommes est formidable," he says on the radio to HQ. "If you see my wife," adds De Castries coolly, "give her a kiss from me."

Then the Moroccans launch one of the epics of the battle; they make eleven separate counterattacks against Bald Head and eleven times they fail with losses. They try once more—and win. From Paris comes word that France's highest unit citation has been awarded to the entire garrison: "The heroic sacrifice of those who have fallen, the fierce tenacity of the fighters, adds a new glory to . . . our arms," says France. De Castries is nominated for brigadier general.

D-Plus-Three: The day of climax. At 0100, Giap hurls part of his third and only fresh division against Dienbienphu's untouched northwest stronghold. Its code name: Huguette. The French here are outnumbered six or eight to one. The defenses crumble. By 0400, the Communists locust-swarm over two of Huguette's five or six outposts. One 50-man suicide squad infiltrates the French command, gets within 200 yards of De Castries' command post before it is wiped out. De Castries calls out staff officers, cooks, orderlies, switchboard operators for the infantry fight. Reports sift out that De Castries has issued the order: "I expect all the troops to die at the positions assigned to them rather than retreat an

inch." HQ denies it, but Dienbienphu surely teeters at death's edge. Then De Castries counterattacks.

The tough foreign legionnaires, Frenchmen, North Africans, Thais, Cambodians and Vietnamese snatch back one outpost. At 0800, De Castries counterattacks again, and fails. At 1000, he goes in for the third time—and wins. But two hours later, De Castries has to withdraw. Says an HQ spokesman: "This is the most violent struggle of the war." All day the French hang on.

D-Plus-Four. The tireless De Castries orders another counterattack at 0400. This one clears Huguette of the enemy. At dawn, he attacks from Bald Head, and for the first time in the battle, some Communists drop their arms and run. More good news: reinforcements from Hanoi are dropped—tough paratroopers

SPAIN

Homecoming

Sentimental, fiesta-loving Barcelonians declared a holiday and thronged by the thousands to the waterfront one afternoon last week to welcome home a shipload of all but forgotten men: the last survivors of the ill-fated and ill-famed Blue Division that Franco sent off in 1941 to fight in Hitler's *Wehrmacht* on the Russian front. Captured by the Russians, the Spanish legionnaires had spent some ten years in Soviet forced-labor camps, were released and sent home as another installment in the Communist peace offensive.

As the small Liberian steamer *Semiramis*, chartered by the Red Cross, slipped into her berth in Barcelona's harbor, hundreds of hysterical relatives and friends



BLUE DIVISION SURVIVORS RETURNING FROM RUSSIA
With cabbage soup and hard work, a new definition.

Diaz Casariego

in red berets. Red gunfire slackens, and the Reds pull back 500 yards from Bald Head to regroup. The situation, says French HQ, is "serious, but less critical."

In five days & nights, the Communists have gained one-half of the north-east and a clawhold in the northwest—at a fearful price of 7,000 dead, some 10,000 wounded and 80 prisoners (on top of 9,000 casualties in Phase One). This is more than half Giap's original striking force. The dangling Communist dead are beginning to putrefy on the wire, and French planes drop leaflets in the enemy lines: "Remember Giap, the Butcher of Dienbienphu." The French have lost perhaps 2,000. But Dienbienphu holds.

In the evening, the radio brings the voice of French Commanding General Henri Navarre to the garrison: "Final success belongs to him who holds out to the last moment. I am convinced it will be the valorous soldiers of De Castries who will hold out to the last moment."

leaped or shinned aboard to embrace the returning soldiers, 248 in all.

Broadcasters took their microphones aboard to let all Spain eavesdrop on the reunion scenes. In the bustle and excitement, Photographer Carlos Perez de Rozas slumped to the ground, dead of a heart attack.

Glad to be back in Spain, the returnees were gladder still to be out of Russia. They painted a chilling picture of their years as prisoners, but insisted that the lot of the Russian peasant is but little better than that of the labor-camp inmate. Said Teleforo Moreno: "Communism? Communism is cabbage soup, hard work and every man for himself."

While the Spanish press made little mention of the fact, not all the *Semiramis*' passengers were Blue Division P.W.s. With them were four bitter young men with pinched faces and premature wrinkles who had been sent to Russia by the Republican government in the 1930s dur-

ing the civil war.* Still missing and unaccounted for by the Soviet government: 5,247 others who went away at the same time, have never been heard from since.

"A State of Mind"

In the busy provincial town of Vitoria in the heart of the Basque country, a horse-drawn police van clattered down the cobblestoned Street of the Founder of the Handmaidens of Jesus and stopped at the decaying old courthouse. Two prisoners stepped out. From the watching crowd a woman and a small girl darted forward, crying, "Felix! . . . Papa!" The woman tried to kiss the husband she had not seen for almost three years; the child threw herself into his arms. Grey-clad police intervened. "In with you!" they said gruffly, and the two prisoners disappeared into the courthouse, to join 15 others for trial.

The 17 were charged with a plot "to overthrow the government [and] incite seditious strikes," but actually the heart of their offense was that they were Basques. In May 1937, when labor unrest broke out in Spain, Vitoria's 5,000 workers stayed quietly at home for five days. They did not riot in the streets or break windows, as some in other places had done. The trouble had not even started in Basque country, but in Catalan Barcelona. But when the Madrid authorities began looking for scapegoats, their angry eyes fell on Vitoria, where there are plenty of men with records as Basque separatists, and members of the outlawed Catholic labor organization. So Francisco Franco's cops arrested the 17.

"Now, Before God . . ." There was no evidence. The case made little progress. Fifteen of the accused were released on parole. Madrid tried to get the army to court-martial the men, but the military shied away. "Basque separatism," said one officer, "is not a tangible, clandestine organization. It is a state of mind. You cannot court-martial a state of mind."

Finally, the government thought it had an airtight, tamperproof case. The 17 went on trial in a bleak, whitewashed room where the only ornament was a faded portrait of Franco on one wall and the only touch of color was the red plush of the judges' chairs. The accused had six defense attorneys, headed by an able lawyer named Augustin Lacort. The prosecutor read his charges and introduced 17 confessions. Then the presiding judge turned to the first defendant, a worker named Juan Grajales.

"Guilty?" intoned the judge.
"Not guilty!" Grajales said. "When the strike took place, I was still bedridden after months of illness."

"But," said the judge, "I have your confession." Grajales answered: "I signed that paper because I had seen three weeks of solitary confinement with frequent



GEORGINA HORSFALL
Is Britain beastly to beasts?

London Daily Express

beatings. I had to sign it. Now, before God, I swear that there is not one word of truth in my so-called confession." Silence hung in the courtroom, thick as pitch. The prosecutor squirmed.

"This Tormented Land." One after another, the remaining defendants pleaded not guilty and told almost identical stories of solitary confinements, night interrogations, beatings, hunger, thirst—always with only one way out: signing a confession. Defense Counsel Lacort passionately denounced the police methods. "Here," he said, "are methods unknown to any civilized nation this side of the Iron Curtain . . . absolutely illegal. These men are not criminals. They are victims. This is a mockery."

Government officials hurriedly convened in local Falangist headquarters, saw to it that the courtroom was packed with Falangists and plainclothesmen as the second day's proceedings opened. Ordinary Vitorians could not get in. Secretly the trial was rushed to an end that spelled defeat for the prosecution. Last week, although the prosecution had demanded severe sentences for all, 15 of the accused were acquitted or released with light sentences that they were deemed to have already served. Two were sentenced to six years in prison. When the defense lawyers came out, an old woman seized Lacort's hand and kissed it. "Thank you for my son," she said.

Although all Spain had known that these were the methods of Franco's police, this was the first time that they had been denounced and pilloried in public. Ugly and depressing as it was, the work of court and defense lawyers and the outcome of the case brought a candle's gleam of hope to many in darkened Spain. Said a Vitoria lawyer: "It looks as if justice and human rights might be on their way back to this tormented land."

GREAT BRITAIN Miss Horsfall Dissents

*It's a dangerous course at the best of times,
But on days like this some jumps
are crimes.*

—Right Royal, by John Masefield

Most Britons agree with their Poet Laureate that steepchasing is at best a perilous pastime, though few of them think any the less of it for that. Last week, however, an increasingly vociferous minority rose up to damn the ancient and respected sport. They were shocked by the death of four stouthearted thoroughbreds during this year's running of the Grand National at Aintree, steepchasing's most famed race.

"A slur upon a horse-loving people," cried an outraged letter writer in the *London Times*. In the House of Commons, a Tory and two Laborites joined forces to present a motion condemning the "cruelty of the Grand National." Animal lovers of the National Equine Defense League and the Society for the Modification of Steeplechasing and Grand National Reform closed ranks with their fellows in the League Against Cruel Sports to bring an action against the Aintree race promoters under the Protection of Animals Act.

But lengths ahead of all the rest of the anti-steeplechasers rode a doughty little ex-schoolma'am of 62 named, by exquisitely suitable happenstance, Miss Georgina Horsfall. Her motherly white mane set askew by news that the Queen Mother herself had entered a horse in the Grand National, Miss Horsfall cantered all the way from Leeds to declaim before a meeting of the Cruel Sports group: "I think it is scandalous that the royal family should have horses in these races."

Lord Grey de Ruthyn, the meeting chairman, pointed out that the Queen Mother's horse had been scratched before the race began, but Miss Horsfall was not one to give up in a hurry. "I saw," she replied with spirited irrelevance, "that young Prince Charles was having his first lessons in shooting deer." The league finally agreed to write Queen Elizabeth, whose stable includes 36 thoroughbreds, and ask that the royal family pronounce itself against the "cruelty" involved in the sport of kings and queens. Her point won, Miss Horsfall briskly traveled the 1,600 furlongs back to Leeds.

Night-Blooming Annuals

The first buds of spring were all ready to burst into bloom last week in London's ballrooms, nightclubs and charity bazaars. In the fashionable Berkeley Hotel, the horticulturists who had nursed them to maturity were gathered in solemn session. The mothers of this year's crop of debutantes were ostensibly meeting to make arrangements for a forthcoming fashion show, but their deeper purpose was to prepare a new spring catalogue of this season's night-blooming annuals.

Unlike her sister in New York, who

* Part of a dispersal program, in which about 34,000 children were sent to several places, including France, French North Africa, Mexico. At last count, some 20,000 had returned.

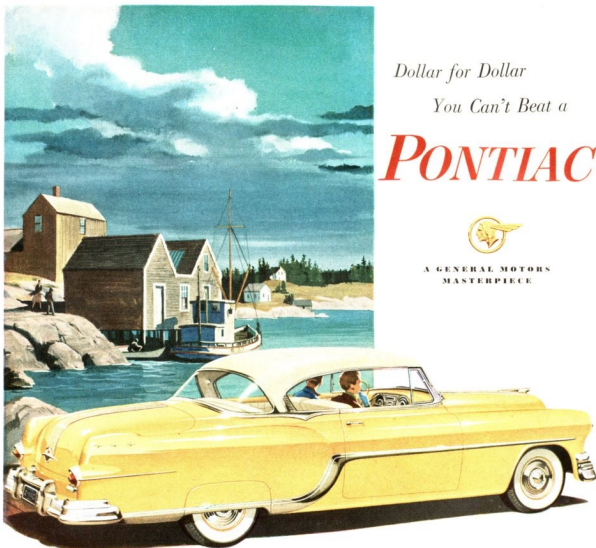
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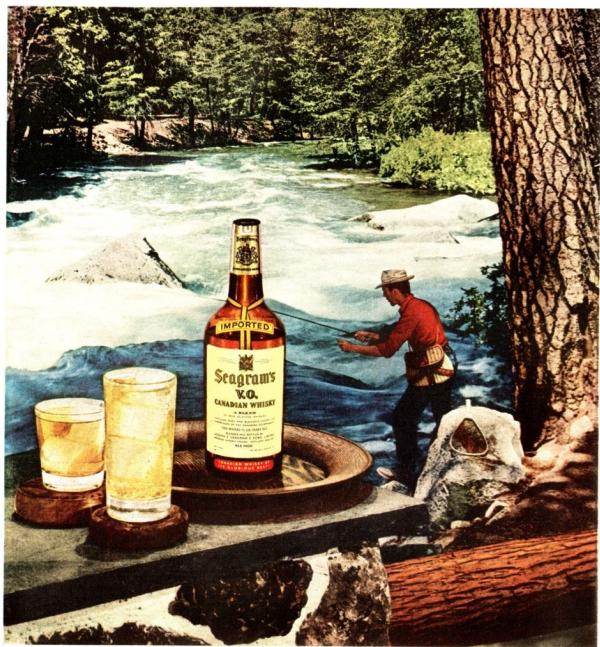
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drinks her Martinis extra dry and has learned to be bored at the Stork long before her debut, London's deb bursts forth on the social scene relatively unaware. Her dancing has been largely confined to boarding-school socials, her standard tipple tomato juice laced with Worcestershire sauce. Her debut is genuine and to meet it she must first get on a "list."

Secure in an ancient tradition of aristocracy, London society is far less fearful of contamination than its counterpart in other great cities, so virtually every girl whose father can afford it gets on one or another of the lists that make the master catalogues. One list is made up of those presented at court. The high-born get there automatically, but even the family of a young lady of no social contacts can easily find an impoverished noblewoman to sponsor its daughter for a fee. Another list is compiled from social notes in the *Times*, open to anyone who can afford a small dinner for, say, ten or twelve.

Once listed officially as a deb, the new blossom has only to sit back and wait for the invitations to pour in. During a mad period of flowering that lasts for three months, her mornings are spent in beauty sleep, her afternoons and evenings at a never-ending round of teas, dinners and balls, her nights at nightclubs. A shrewd father can cut the upkeep for the season down to as low as £1,000, but many a deb runs up the tabs to well over £10,000.

Meanwhile, there is the ever-present problem of finding nutrient soil in which the deb can flourish. The steady, promising young man of 30—mother's invariably choice for a son-in-law—seldom has time for the social round, so the deb for the most part must frolic with a younger, less stable type, whose main qualifications are strong legs for dancing and a talent for witty sophistication. Since such gay blades are not always reliable, the mothers at the Berkeley were busy last week grading them according to a private code. Those who rated NST (not safe in taxis), FI (financially insecure), HD (heavy drinker) and AW (awful bore) were generally scratched.

EGYPT

Resignation

Moving fast to consolidate the power he won after a six-week secesse battle with Mohammed Naguib, Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser turned last week to the problem of a faithless friend. During the years he risked his neck plotting the overthrow of King Farouk, Nasser hand-picked every one of the 14 original members of the Revolutionary Command Council, including Major Khaled Moheddine. Nasser knew that husky, young (33) Moheddine had been a Communist, but he accepted his oath of loyalty and his pledge to quit the Communist Party.

When the showdown with Naguib started last February, however, Khaled Moheddine showed that his true color was still red. He led a group of cavalry officers who demanded that Nasser turn over all

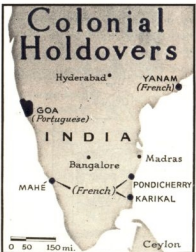


Archak Masral

MAJOR MOHEDDINE
The true color was Red.

power to Naguib. Moheddine seemed to look upon Naguib as a kind of Kerensky of the Egyptian revolution, while imagining himself to be the eventual Lenin.

Nasser had to bow for a time to the Moheddine group. But by last week Mohammed Naguib lay abed with a nervous breakdown, and Nasser was strong enough once more to exact payment for the broken pledge of ex-friend Moheddine. After a meeting of the R.C.C., it was revealed that Khaled Moheddine had resigned and would leave soon for Italy on a government mission, would thereafter take an extended European vacation. It was another measure of the gentleness which has so far marked Egypt's 21-month-old revolution. Had Major Moheddine and his Communist friends come out on top, General Nasser would probably have ended up in some place far less pleasant than Italy in the spring.



Time Map by V. Pugliese

INDIA

Flags in Pondicherry

The French had a new colonial crisis on their hands last week in an obscure place on India's southeast coast called Pondicherry. One of four small enclaves (see map) which are all that remain of the once substantial French empire in India, Pondicherry (pop. 222,000) vibrated with the crises of anti-French demonstrators shouting for merger with India.

For a long time Prime Minister Nehru has been trying to get the French to abandon Pondicherry and the other enclaves, which he calls "pimples on the map." But Nehru could get nowhere in Pondicherry so long as the French maintained good relations with Pondicherry's part-French Socialist leader, Edward Goubert, who controls 37 of 39 seats in the local assembly. Goubert supported the French, and the French supported Goubert—chiefly by not inquiring into his business activities.

Recently, this happy partnership broke down when the French did start looking into one or two Goubert deals. Goubert promptly switched allegiance. "We are indissolubly connected with our brethren of Indian soil," he announced, "and our political separation can no longer be tolerated." Like Big Bill Thompson delivering Cook County, Ill., Goubert got every district in the enclave to rise up in "spontaneous" demonstrations "to free the French-Indian settlements." In one village, Goubert himself unfurled the Indian flag.

The surprised French colonials quickly clapped some Goubert men in jail, banned public meetings and put police guards around the Indian consulate; they stopped all Indian traders at the frontier. Police shot and wounded four "illegal" demonstrators. Nehru got off a hot protest note to Paris. Paris called in Nehru's ambassador and protested right back.

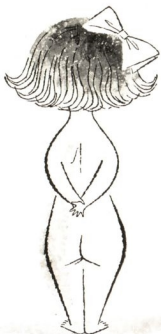
It all seemed very small-scale, but the row in the enclaves had wider implications. The French have little practical use for the enclaves—they bring in no revenue and will cost \$3,420,000 to run this year. But the French, who say they agree in principle to a referendum, do not want to grant these people easy freedom of choice for fear that this would encourage nationalists in North Africa to step up their own pressure for independence. For Nehru, on the other hand, the enclaves are a galling reminder that colonialism has not yet been pushed entirely off the Indian peninsula. "It is in the nature of things unthinkable," Nehru said, "for us to allow foreign pockets to remain in India."

ITALY

Long Road

Premier Mario Scelba's government got moving last week on two of the major areas where it had promised action:

¶ As a first step in its crackdown on Italian Communism (*TIME*, March 29), which includes cleaning the Reds out of



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moviemaking and other strongholds, Scelba announced that as of mid-April, Communist and fellow-traveling organizations will have to get out of government-owned facilities or face eviction proceedings. The Communists, for example, print their official newspaper, *L'Unità*, in a government-controlled printing plant. Pietro Nenni's Red-affiliated Socialists were the first to get specific eviction notes. They were told they had three months to vacate their Milan headquarters, a building where Mussolini founded his Fascist fighting squads.

¶ The Cabinet authorized Scelba to begin the ratification process for the European Army treaty, and empowered him to risk a vote of confidence when the issue—after a long, noisy and tortuous parliamentary process—comes up for a showdown in the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. The EDC bill will not get out of committee until May or later, and when it does the Communists and their allies will launch a massive attack. Optimistic timetable for ratification: six months.

WEST GERMANY

Higher Education

In Dortmund's nearly deserted courtroom last week, 20 onetime Nazi policemen, charged with atrocities, manslaughter and murder, stood before three black-robed West German judges and dispassionately told how, on wartime duty in Warsaw, they had indiscriminately shot and killed Jews in the city's ghetto. Admitting the killings, the defendants argued that they had merely followed orders. Their commanding officer (an SS captain who was later killed) had once told them, they testified, that to drive through the ghetto without killing at least one Jew was "a waste of gas." So, in one ghastly day, they had killed 110 men, women & children.

The judges and six jurors considered the evidence briefly and returned their verdict: not guilty. Presiding Judge Fritz Eickhoff explained that the officers actually responsible for the crime were long since dead and that the defendants themselves had acted under orders. "Because of their scant formal education," he concluded, "the defendants failed to realize that they committed a misdeed."

GREECE


Confined to Barracks

After years of postwar chaos and corruption, Greek politics finally achieved a state of equilibrium when two widely disparate personalities teamed up in Athens. One was resolute old Field Marshal Alexander Papagos, the war hero who was elected Premier at the head of the coalition Greek Rally Party. The other: a brilliant and unpredictable political rival named Spyros Markezinis. A small man with a quick brain, Spyros Markezinis was as unpopular as his new boss was beloved. But Papagos made him Minister

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of Economic Planning, gave him complete control of the disheveled Greek economy. Soon many of the gossips in Athens cafés were asking: "Who's running the country anyway—the Old Man or Markezinis?"

Markezinis did little to win the love of the people. But by ruthless planning and pruning, sternly enforced by the old marshal, he succeeded at last in putting the nation on a firm economic footing, gave it the first balanced budget in 25 years.

Last week Markezinis, 44, abruptly resigned from the Cabinet. The official reason was ill health, but in the cafés that



Fenna Jacobs

SPYROS MARKEZINIS

The checkmate seemed temporary.

explanation was promptly brushed aside. Acquaintances said Spyros' health was, if anything, better since he had given up his habitual daily diet of 120 monogrammed cigarettes and 40 cups of coffee. A more likely reason for the resignation: Markezinis was piqued because three times Papagos refused to appoint men of the Economic Minister's choosing to the Cabinet, and refused to make Markezinis Vice Premier. Athenians also guessed that the two men would soon mend their differences. "If this had happened in the army," said one, "the Old Man would merely have confined him to barracks for two weeks..." Sworn in as Economic Minister less than 24 hours after the resignation was none other than Spyros Markezinis' own right-hand man and close friend, Thanos Kapsalis.

KENYA

Eye for an Eye

It was a routine week in Kenya's brutal Mau Mau war:

At Kiambu, near Nairobi, four-year-old Andrew Stephens, son of a retired R.A.F. officer, was pedaling his tricycle outside



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his home when a terrorist bounded out of the woods. The terrorist swung his *panga* at the child's curly head and all but decapitated the boy. Captured, the Kikuyu tribesman said he had just taken the Mau Mau oath which pledged him to behead a European.

¶ In Nairobi's supreme court, a 17-year-old Briton serving in the colony's emergency police force was found guilty of technical assault for tossing lighted matches at a Mau Mau suspect, and his Kikuyu assistant was convicted of pouring paraffin over the head of the suspect and setting him afire.

¶ In the Aberdare forest, after a British battalion had killed 25 Mau Mau in a running fire fight, one wounded terrorist, lying on a stretcher, opened his eyes and said: "I am General Kago" (a major terrorist leader who last month planted the severed head of a British district officer in a maize patch). The African trooper guarding Kago simply said "Are you?", raised his rifle and shot General Kago dead.

CHINA

Sleep, Little Precious

For weeks the outside world has been eagerly panning the stream of propaganda that pours out of Red China for nuggets of news about the health and whereabouts of Dictator Mao Tse-tung.

Last December Mao mysteriously vanished from the public eye, and rumors cropped up that Peking was concealing news of his death. There was even one report that Mao, 63, had died following an operation for cancer.

When China's recently appointed constitutional committee held its first meeting a fortnight ago, however, the Peking radio offhandedly reported that Committee Chairman Mao had presided. Last week Peking papers arriving in Hong Kong carried seemingly genuine likenesses of Mao—looking thinner than usual—posing with 25 other members of the constitutional committee. While this made it almost certain that Mao is alive, his strange and unprecedented absence from important party meetings over a 14-week period remained unexplained. So in Hong Kong, Tokyo and Formosa, rumors persist that he is sick.

The Chinese Communist press, naturally, ignores such rumors, has confined most of its recent comment about Mao to plugs for a new lullaby that is being urged on party members. Sample stanza:

*Sleep, little Precious
How lucky you are!
Chairman Mao is beside your cradle
night and day,
Smiling affectionately, kissing you
lightly.
His smile is like the sun in winter!
His kiss is like honey . . .
How sweet it is to be in Chairman
Mao's bosom!
Sleep, little Precious.
How lucky you are!*



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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Visitor from Bonn

On his four-week good-will swing around Latin America, pink-cheeked Ludwig Erhard, West Germany's Minister of Economics, stopped off last week in Chile. As in Mexico, where he opened his tour by attending the inauguration of a \$25 million German industrial fair, he was welcomed as the fiscal wizard who symbolizes West Germany's spectacular economic comeback. Santiago's press gave him the Page One treatment, university professors asked him to lecture, and Chile's much-regulated businessmen applauded till the walls of the Union Club



GERMANY'S ERHARD
The secret: economic liberty.

vibrated when he told them: "There is no miracle in German recovery—individual economic liberty has been the secret."

Looking Forward. With German trade in Latin America already running at a rate of nearly \$500 million a year, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil are now so far in debt to Bonn that Erhard was not interested at the moment in signing new trade agreements. The only bargain he proposed in Santiago provided for the restoration of the Bayer and Merck drug properties, seized in World War II. But Erhard had bigger matters in mind. West Germany's continued progress, he said, requires wider foreign business, and Latin America, rich in raw materials and poor in machinery and manufactured goods, is the place for German trade to grow. "We regard Latin America as the continent of the future," he said. "Here opportunity lies waiting for us around every corner . . . We have decided to build up a capital fund to help Latins buy from us on a long-term credit basis."

In Mexico Erhard discussed building a

new steel mill for his hosts in Durango; newspapers reported that Alfred Krupp was on his way to the country to confer about new industrial plants. In Peru, Erhard helped inaugurate a new steel tubing mill equipped with German machinery. In Brazil, where a German steel tube plant is going up in Minas Gerais and a Volkswagen assembly plant is to be started in June, a \$142 million trade treaty with Bonn provides that \$50 million of German goods will be used this year in Brazilian undertakings.

Looking Backward. But one or two traditional German specialty items are missing from Dr. Erhard's export program, as Chile's crusty old (76) President Carlos Ibañez belatedly learned last week. "Tell the Minister" huffed the general to his interpreter, "that I wish we may soon exchange Chilean and German officers to work in our armies and arms factories." Without batting an eye, Erhard said: "Tell the President that there is no German army . . . and military plants have been forbidden for many years."

CANADA

Prepared Positions

After six days of debate, in which the Tory opposition hammered hard at the government's seemingly soft policy toward Communist China (TIME, April 5), External Affairs Chief Lester ("Mike") Pearson last week gave a careful summary of Canada's current foreign policy. Pearson, the main target of the opposition attacks, executed a neat withdrawal to prepared positions, going out of his way to assure Parliament that Canada would make no deal at the Geneva Conference to grant recognition to Red China.

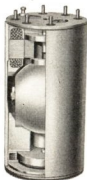
"We are not carrying an umbrella to Geneva," said Pearson. "We will not act in any way which would betray national honor." Nor will the government make any trade deals with the Reds. Pearson completely accepted the view expressed earlier in the debate by Tory Leader George Drew, that "Canada is not ready to sell her principles for a few dollars."

On the positive side, Pearson was more outspoken in his support of the defense policies of the Western alliance. He fully backed the U.S. in rejecting the Soviet proposal for NATO membership (see FOREIGN NEWS). Said Pearson: "Falling into such an obvious [propaganda] trap would, of course, be dangerous. We must be prepared to examine Soviet proposals . . . whenever there seems any prospect that negotiations may prove fruitful, but we must do this while maintaining policies which we have adopted with our friends . . . for our collective defense."

Goldfish Bowl

Manitobans like to boast that their Music Competition Festival, held in Winnipeg every year since 1918, is the biggest and best of its kind in the world. There seems to be little doubt about the big-

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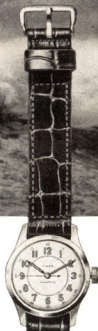


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TIME, APRIL 12, 1954

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ness; tourist folders proudly proclaim that more than 20,000 children from the province's schools take part.

But some residents of the province wondered last week whether the statistics should not be revised downward. A Winnipeg mother, entering her living room unexpectedly, found her eleven-year-old daughter grinning and gesticulating before a mirror. The youngster puckered her lips, fluttered her eyelashes, tilted her head, and went through all the motions of singing—but no sound came forth. When the puzzled mother asked for an explanation, her daughter said that she was practicing for her part as a "goldfish" in the music festival. Goldfish, it developed, are the nonmusical children who stand with their classroom choirs and silently mouth words while the really talented singers do the competing, unhampered by croaks, voice breaks, sour notes or unpremeditated riffs.

The first mother, much amused, did nothing about it. But other parents, learning about goldfish for the first time, began withdrawing their children from the competition. Richard Glover, a University of Manitoba history professor, took his eleven-year-old goldfish son out of the choir line-up for this spring's festival. Said Glover: "His reaction was that his school just wanted him to cheat the referee. I think he was right."

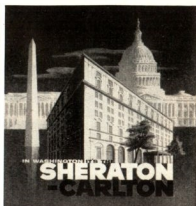
Festival judges denied that they had ever been deceived. They were always aware that some of the children on the festival stage were not singing, but they tolerated the practice of goldfishing because it enabled even tone-deaf children to share in the fun, and might eventually develop latent musical talent in some of the unpromising. There was also something to be said, perhaps, for the training in dramatics that the goldfish received. Reported one veteran chorister: "The ones who don't sing always have the most expression on their faces."

BRAZIL

Kissing Rules

One balmy day last week in blossom-perfumed, crescent-beached Rio, Inspector Carlos Santos of the police department's costume and amusement section called in the press. Ordered from on high to crack down on public love-making, the inspector outlined the new rules for kissing in the carnival capital of the world: "The pure kiss, what we call the official kiss, on the cheek or hand, will be permitted. But so-called 'American' kissing, which awakens other intentions and is shocking in public, will be suppressed."

"Nobody liked the edict. 'With things in this country going so badly,' growled the conservative newspaper *Correio da Manhã*, 'a campaign to repress excesses in courtship should be put in the one-thousandth priority.' Cried Lady Novelist (*O Quinze, As Três Marias*) Rachel de Queiroz: "God protect lovers!" Even the cops prowled Copacabana beach with noisy prudence; they made no arrests the first three nights.



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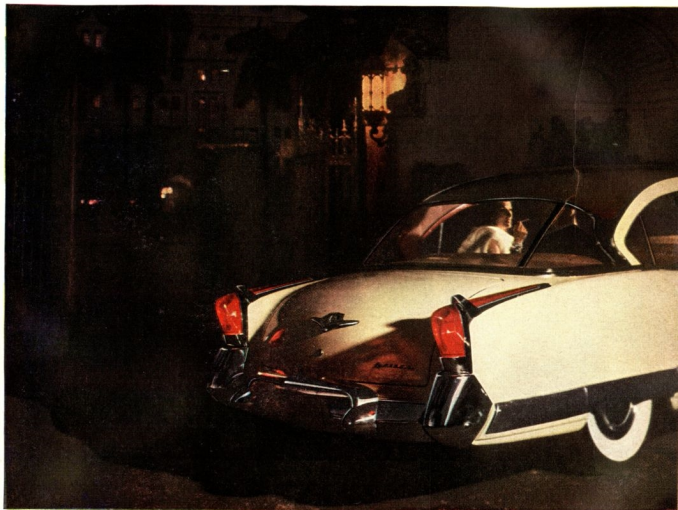
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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In the midst of a stormy week, Wisconsin's Senator **Joseph R. McCarthy** struck a brawny pose for an intimate picture shrouded in the bathroom of his Washington home, where he lathered up his heavy beard for a shave. Meanwhile, some 600 University of Texas students rallied in protest against the choice of McCarthy "to speak for Texans" at the state's hallowed San Jacinto Day celebration on April 21. In Manhattan this week, the Senator, recovering from laryngitis and a virus bug, got back in voice to describe the nation's Red peril to **Francis Cardinal Spellman**, who, with about 6,000 New York City cops, roundly applauded McCarthy at a communion breakfast. "You said it, Joe!" shouted the cops. "Keep giving it to them!"

Crooner **Johnnie (Cry) Ray** arrived in London with a revolutionary approach to his art: "I think that crybaby routine has had its day. I was lucky to get over with it." But Johnnie was not certain that dry eyes would assure success. "I'm saving my money. Maybe next year I'll be through. Who knows?" On his first evening in England, Johnnie dined at the House of Commons with an old friend, Laborite M.P. **Tom Driberg**, long an admirer of Ray's standard technique.

For their "development of a fresh theatrical form, the musical play" (e.g., *Oklahoma!*, *South Pacific*), Composer **Richard Rodgers** and Librettist **Oscar Hammerstein II** received doctorates (of humane letters) from the University of Massachusetts. Next day Drs. Rodgers and Hammerstein did education a good

turn, endowed Manhattan's famed Juilliard School of Music with a perpetual scholarship to go yearly to a promising young singer.

At an air show near Paris, France's Defense Minister **René Pleven** and Britain's Minister of Supply **Duncan Sandys**, a son-in-law of Sir Winston Churchill, had a brush with death when a Mystère IV jet fighter plane touched a wingtip to the ground, crashed and exploded before them, killing the pilot and sending flying wreckage over their heads.

Only a day and a half after leaving Milan and her last La Scala performance in *The Devil's Daughter* (TIME, April 5), Mezzo-Soprano **Risë Stevens** made a pretty transatlantic commuter's picture



MEZZO STEVENS

After Milan, a pretty picture.

as she landed at New York's International Airport, that same afternoon was on stage at the Metropolitan Opera to play the title role of *Carmen*.

Winding up their 57-day trek (of 14,450 miles) about Australia, **Queen Elizabeth II** and the **Duke of Edinburgh** drove out into the countryside from the bustling city of Perth and ate a leisurely picnic lunch. Two days later, leaving in her wake the cacophonous cheers and steam whistles, the *Gothic* hove westward across the Indian Ocean, bound for the Cocos Islands and Ceylon.

No sooner had The Netherlands' Prince **Bernhard** returned from a tour of U.S. aircraft plants than his wife, **Queen Juliana**, ignoring criticism of the Prince's risky flying exploits in America (the engine of one of his planes conked out, another crashed a week after he flew it,



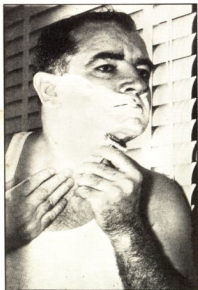
CHANCELLOR ADENAUER
In Turkey, a friendly elbow.

killing his recent copilot), promoted **Bernhard** in all of her armed forces. Tripling in brass, the Prince is now a lieutenant admiral in the Royal Netherlands Navy, a general in the Royal Army, a general in the Royal Air Force.

Britain's Virginia-born **Lady Astor**, 74, on her way home to England after a three months' visit in the U.S., delivered her customary valedictory and parcel of free advice. In a rare complimentary mood, Lady Astor considered U.S. television commercials and concluded that "it is a tribute to the people of this country that they are able to think at all." Then, opinionated as ever, she launched a rapid-fire dissertation on juvenile delinquency ("If . . . more women spanked their children . . ."), psychiatry ("Of the devil"), the merits of breast-fed babies ("I was not . . . and I never felt insecure") and the G.O.P. family quarrel: "If the left wing of the Republican Party doesn't win, [it will be] most unhealthy . . . because the right wing didn't win the election for the President."

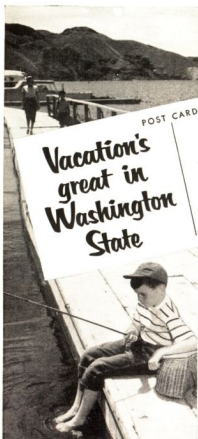
On his recent swing through Turkey to promote trade and good will, West Germany's Chancellor **Konrad Adenauer** popped into the German embassy in Ankara, bent a friendly elbow while downing a stein of beer at a reception in his honor.

The loose and disjointed Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels, which bestows its honorary titles by mandate of Kentucky's governors, corrected an incredible oversight. The newest colonel: Kentucky's No. 1 citizen, former Vice President **Alben W. Barkley**, a hale & hearty 76, who once, when awarding a colonelcy to a lesser dignitary, quipped: "I'm about the only Kentuckian in Washington, or perhaps anywhere else outside the state, who isn't a colonel."



SENATOR MCCARTHY
From Texas, a stormy protest.

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The 100th Race

In England, the crew race between Oxford and Cambridge is called The Boat Race; no other identification is necessary. Last week, on the eve of the 100th race between the universities, "Old Blues," i.e., letterman oarsmen from Oxford (dark blue) and Cambridge (light blue), swapped legends.

Oxonians take pride in the fact that Oxford won the first Boat Race in 1829. For that race, rowed in long, whaleboat-like shells, Oxford turned up in straw hats, dark blue striped jerseys and canvas trousers, while Cambridge added a gentle note with pink sashes. But from 1829 to modern times, the advantage has been Cambridge's. Between 1924 and 1937 the light blue was unbeaten for 13 straight years. Last week, with the series standing at 54 for Cambridge, 44 for Oxford, and a dead heat in 1877, heavier (by 5 lbs. a man) Cambridge was favored to make it 55-44.

Half a million Britons lined the banks of the U-shaped Thames River course, jammed rooftops and windows, even clustered in treetops for just a short glimpse of the shells. The crowd broke into spontaneous cheers as underdog Oxford, favored by toss and its choice of the largely inside (Surrey) bank, broke into the lead at the halfway mark. From then on, while Cambridge floundered in the choppy water in midstream, Oxford pulled steadily ahead, won by a handy 4½ lengths.

After the race, jubilant Old Dark Blues pounded winning Oxonian shoulders until they ached. The Cambridge coxswain, soberly directing his crew as they shouldered their shell into the boathouse, had the last word: "Come back next year."

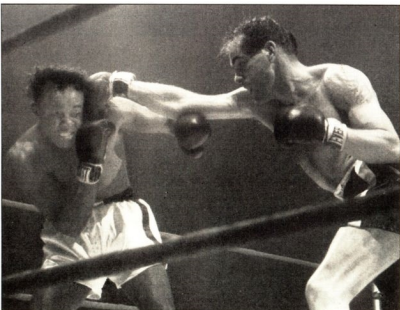
Hawaiian Businessman

When Bobo Olson was a 15-year-old in Hawaii he was so keen to be a professional fighter that he had his arms tattooed and shaved his chest every day to make the hair grow faster—all so he would look old enough to get a fighter's license. Last week Middleweight Champion Olson, a balding 25-year-old, was candidly bored by the whole business: "I'm tired of fighting. I don't like it anymore. I'm doing it for the money alone—until I get enough to go into some kind of business to provide security for my family."

As he climbed into the Chicago ring for a fight with Welterweight Champion Kid Gavilan, Businessman Bobo should have been fairly well pleased. An audience of 18,582 fans had paid a whopping \$334,730 at the gate. Another \$100,000 in television rights brought the total to a record for a non-heavyweight bout, Bobo's share of all this was 35%. On good-natured impulse, he took a lei from his own neck and draped it over the neck of the startled Gavilan, then walked to his corner to await the opening bell.

As a fighter, Bobo is somberly effective, if not flashy. Boring in steadily with a mixture of flicking lefts and chopping rights to the body, he set himself to close in and take the jumping-jack spring out of bouncy, flurry-punching Kid Gavilan. It was no easy matter. In the ninth round infighting, Olson butted Gavilan with his head, opened a cut on the Cuban's right cheekbone.

In the tenth, flailing away with four of the fastest fists in the business, the two fighters stood toe-to-toe and slugged it out while the crowd howled. Gavilan un-



GAVILAN CATCHING, OLSON PITCHING
A bored fighter kept boring.

Associated Press

leashed one of his famed bolo punches, a free-wheeling uppercut that starts with a backswing. Olson shrugged it off, kept right on boring in.

At the end of the 15 rounds, both fighters were still upright, still relatively unmarked. To the referee and one judge, the decision was close but clear-cut: Olson. That was enough, since the remaining judge carded it a draw. After the fight, Family Man (four children) Olson hopped a plane for San Francisco and home. Before he left, Bobo announced his plans for the future: "A big outdoor fight with Joe Giardello in New York this summer. A real big-money fight."

In another fight last week, television fans and 4,200 jampacked customers in a Brooklyn skating rink caught a short glimpse of an up-and-coming heavyweight who throws such a whirlwind of punches that he is nicknamed "Hurricane." Tommy Jackson, 22, a product of the Georgia cotton fields who carries a Bible with him although he cannot read, whip-sawed Dan Bucceroni, third-ranked heavyweight, into helplessness in six rounds. Hurricane's assortment of punches included an original one of startling appearance if limited ring value: a double uppercut, i.e., simultaneous uppercuts with the left and right hands.

In his 20 months of professional fighting (16 victories, one loss, one draw), Hurricane Jackson has put on 20 lbs., now stands at strapping 6 ft. 2½ in., 192 lbs., and is still growing. Former Heavyweight Champion Jack Dempsey, a ring-side witness of Jackson's butchering of Bucceroni, appraised Jackson's prospects: "With experience, he'll be a great fighter. He's tough enough now as it is."

The Oldtimer

At 75, Yale's William Walter Heffelfinger, 91, was still rawboned, erect, and thoroughly convinced that football was not what it used to be. He scoffed at modern football as a sissy game played by "pawers and taggers" instead of blockers and tacklers. Unlike most old diehards, "Pudge" could prove his point, and he did, at an age when most men shrink from strong exercise. In 1916, when he was 48, Pudge went back to Yale to help toughen up a later generation for the big games with Princeton and Harvard. In three scrimmage plays he laid out five varsity linemen, sent one to the hospital with three broken ribs.

At 55, Pudge was still fast and explosive enough to play 58 minutes against the Ohio State alumni all-stars and lead his teammates to a 66-0 victory. "I'd have done better," said he, "if I hadn't dislocated my shoulder at the start of the game." At 65, he gave up playing.

In Pudge's days at Yale, he was a lean, powerful (6 ft. 2 in., 190 lbs.) youngster who made the team as a freshman after a vicious scrimmage initiation: the Yale captain deliberately rasped his canvas sleeves back and forth across Pudge's nose until it was raw and bleeding, ordered opposing linemen to step on his

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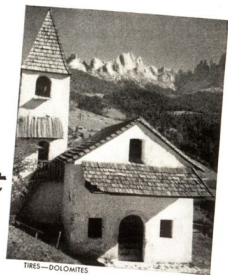
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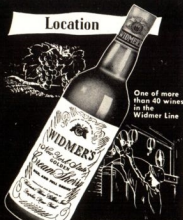
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knuckles, kick him in the shins. Pudge passed the test, became a fleet-footed guard⁹ on the Yale team of 1888 that scored 698 points against the likes of Penn, Rutgers and Princeton, and was never scored on itself.

Those were the days of the "flying wedge," a V-shaped offense (now long outlawed) that cut through defenses like a bulldozer. Pudge devised the classic counter-maneuver: "As the wedge formed, I backed away to get a running start, put on full steam ahead, took off like a broad jumper, knees doubled up, and soared." When soaring Pudge crashed headlong into the man leading the V, the wedge disintegrated.

This particular strategy was invented by Freshman Heffelfinger in his first Princeton game (score: Yale 10, Princeton 0), which was reported thus by the *New Haven Register*: "Both teams got in



Associated Press

PUDGE HEFFELFINGER AT 65
"A man is no good on his knees."

some quite respectable slugging, and the man who did not have a bloody nose and mouth was considered a little out of fashion."

Cat-quick, Pudge was the first guard in football history to run offensive interference; on defense, Pudge favored an almost upright stance, disdainful to crouch. "Take it from me," he maintained, "a man is no good on his knees." Pudge made Walter Camp's first All-America team in 1889, made it again the next two years. At Yale, Pudge's teams, playing a 13- to 16-game schedule, won 53 and lost two (to Princeton and Harvard). The two defeats rankled in the heart of Pudge Heffelfinger until the day he died, at his home in Blessing, Texas last week, at the age of 86.

* Last of his long-lived teammates: Amos Alonzo Stagg, now 91, who retired from head coaching (College of the Pacific) at 84, now coaches part time at Stockton (Calif.) Junior College.



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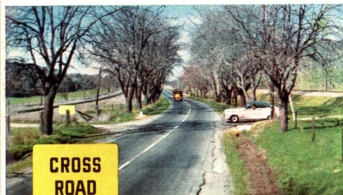
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Slow is right! Remember, those children have to cross, and they trust you to let them do it safely. Some day all busy highways will bypass towns, and more youngsters will live to grow up.



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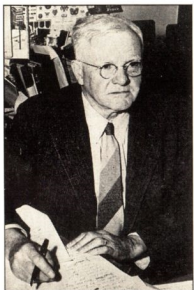
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EDUCATION

The Friendly Professor

Taken at face value, John Owen Beaty, professor of English at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, would seem to be a most sedate sort of scholar. An affable, ruddy-faced man with a Ph.D. (Columbia, 1921), he has been a member of S.M.U.'s English department for 34 years, served as its head for 13. But of all the professors the university has ever had, none has proved more embarrassing than friendly Dr. Beaty.

At 63, John Beaty has developed some strong opinions and theories about the U.S., and he has never been one to refrain from spouting them in class. Once he spent a whole hour blasting Felix



The SMU Campus

S.M.U.'s BEATY

Academic freedom cuts two ways.

Frankfurter and Henry Morgenthau Jr. ("Now, I haven't a thing to say against the Jews . . . But for God's sake, do you think we can trust the Government of the United States to them in a crisis?"). Last year a Jewish student complained that his dominant impression of Beaty's course was "reference after reference . . . made in a slurring manner, against members of the Jewish faith." In 1951 Beaty also wrote a book. Published in Dallas, it was called *The Iron Curtain over America*.

Anna & Ana. Professor Beaty's main theme was ostensibly an attack on Communism. Actually, it was a diatribe against the Khazars (i.e., Jews), who, Beaty insists, were largely responsible for the triumph of Communism in Russia. Apparently, the Khazars also practically captured the Democratic Party, helped drive the U.S. into an "unnecessary war" with Germany ("the historic bulwark of Christian Europe"), watched with cruel calm the slaughter of "as many as possi-

ble of the world-ruling and Khazar-hated race of 'Aryans.'" Everyone from Justice Brandeis to Anna M. Rosenberg was brought under fire. "Who is it," asked Beaty at one point, "that enjoys the highest military position held by woman since Joan of Arc? . . . For an introductory answer, see the article on Mrs. Anna Rosenberg in the *Reader's Digest* of February 1951. For an interesting portrait of another modern woman . . . see the similar article on Ana Rabinsohn Pauker in the same magazine . . ."

To the race-baiting Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, Beaty's book was "the greatest . . . of its kind ever to appear in print." But to S.M.U.'s President Umphrey Lee, an ordained Methodist clergyman, it was frankly disturbing. "I do not know how to put the matter any stronger," said he, at the Dallas Salesmanship Club, "than in the words of the supreme legislative body of my church: 'Anti-Semitism is a deadly sin.'" Nevertheless, since Beaty kept insisting that he was not really anti-Semitic, he remained at his post, partly because of the two-way laws of academic freedom. Last February he trained his sights on a new target: S.M.U. itself.

New Gestapo? In a pamphlet called "How to Capture a University," Beaty charged that "a certain powerful, non-Christian element in our population" was trying to "dominate Southern Methodist University." For one thing, the university's own *Southwest Review* seemed to be highly susceptible not only to anti-McCarthy authors (e.g., President Henry Wriston of Brown University) but also to B'nai B'rith, which, according to Beaty, "is sometimes referred to as the 'Jewish Gestapo.'"

In Beaty's mind, the whole university was also suspect for cooperating with the National Conference of Christians and Jews on a summer workshop in human relations, and so was the university bookstore for displaying books by Friedrich Engels. "Are the minds of our students," cried Beaty, "to be guided by B'nai B'rith . . . or by Soviet Moscow . . . or by assorted devotees of the little world power which usurps the name of Israel?" How did non-Christian power come to wield so great an influence in S.M.U.?

By a vote of 114-2 (Beaty absent), the faculty condemned Beaty's attacks as being "without any foundation in fact." Seven of Dallas' most prominent Protestant ministers wrote to President Lee, expressing "outraged Christian conscience" over Beaty's "inflammatory and divisive" writings. Finally, a group of S.M.U. law professors took a long and belated look at Beaty's book, denounced it as a collection of "spurious doctrines and bigoted theories of racial and religious prejudice."

Last week, on the request of retiring President Lee, the trustees named a special committee to investigate the whole Beaty affair. But John Beaty was carrying on as usual. From his pen came an-

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or trap shooting and loving the life you're living. What's the result? "The best vacation I've ever had! Now I want to see it in the winter."

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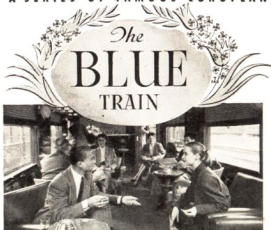
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other pamphlet, plaintively crying that the label "anti-Semitic" was nothing but a smear aimed at people who are genuine anti-Communists. It certainly was not a tag that could possibly apply to good old John Beatty. "I have no feelings except feelings of friendship," said he, "for pro-American Jews."

The Germ

Until last January the school board of Dade County, Fla., thought it had a pretty good scheme for dealing with the children of migratory Puerto Rican farm hands in the Redland district some 15 miles south of Miami. Most of the children were dark skinned enough to be sent to the Negro school, and for those considered white, there was a special school at one of the labor camps. But last year, appalled by the labor camp's filth, the special school's teachers refused to work. The board had no alternative but to admit 30 Puerto Ricans and 55 children of Mexican ancestry to the regular public school for whites.

To the citizens of the Redland district the whole deal was an outrage. The migrant children, they insisted, were not only dirty, they also tended to slow the other pupils down. When Principal Joseph L. Logan refused to put them out, the parents began a boycott. By last week 470 white children were staying at home.

Summoned to a mass meeting, the school board promised to try another special school at a labor camp—a portable structure with outdoor privies. But the Puerto Ricans decided to start a boycott of their own, and were threatening to take their case to court. One verdict on the case, however, was already in. Cried Mrs. Polly Rose Balfie, editor-publisher of the weekly *Homestead News*:

"You righteous citizens of the Redlands—with your 27 churches and 35 civic and fraternal organizations—you, to your everlasting shame, refused to let your children attend school because 85 little Puerto Rican and Mexican children were enrolled there . . . Sure, some of them come to school un bathed, even as some of yours. Sure, some of them don't understand our language, but they're young and teachable and citizens. They're vaccinated, they're inoculated . . . They can't contaminate your children. You can contaminate them—with the germ of intolerance."

Rootless

Is the study of the past getting to be a thing of the past? One man who thinks so is Historian George Barr Carson Jr. of the University of Chicago. If the present trend in U.S. education persists, says he, in the current *American Association of University Professors Bulletin*, the study of history may very well disappear completely under the new academic preoccupation with "contemporary living . . .

"Ancient history is a luxury only reluctantly afforded . . . Medieval history is only better off by degree. Both, to be sure, have had the ground cut from under them by the failure of the lower schools to provide sufficient students with the

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And well he might, because the Rolls Razor—and only the Rolls—gives you a "custom shave," tailored to fit the individual requirements of your own beard and skin. No two men have exactly the same shaving problem. Yet, with the Rolls Razor's famous

blade of finest hollow-ground Sheffield steel, every man can attain exactly the right edge to enjoy a clean, smooth, comfortable shave... *every shave*. It's so easy with the Rolls' built-in strop and hone. These *exclusive* features make the Rolls Razor a most worthwhile investment.

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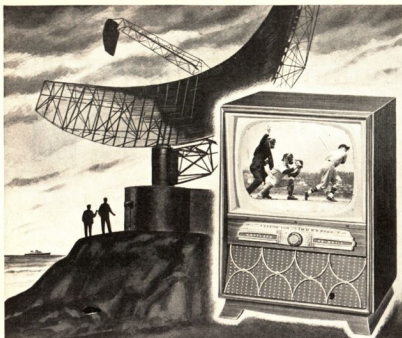
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TORTURE TESTS—Here Raytheon's new small boat radar—the Mariners Pathfinder® Model 1500—passes grueling vibration test, one of many it gets before sale.

necessary classical background. The university itself may be blamed in part; faced with the fact that the lower schools had fallen under the administration of a faction that regarded such disciplined studies as languages to be a waste of time and unnecessary for contemporary living, the university had either to drop its requirements or not to admit students."

Even a bigger threat to history, says Carson, is the growing preoccupation with the present, fostered largely by the social sciences. "The teaching of history before the first world war has been indicted for . . . not keeping the subject matter up to date. The history student of 1910 ended his study of history with the Franco-Prussian War, or thereabouts . . . As a consequence, we are told, the generation



CHICAGO'S CARSON

Danger: the loss of history.

in 1914 was badly prepared for the social cataclysm of the war.

"After 1918 the trend was reversed. More and more the emphasis . . . was placed on the contemporary scene . . . Since the second world war, it has become the fashion in survey courses to begin at about 1500 A.D. if the institution is conservative, and 1918 if it is not, with a quick flashback to 1917 in order to include the Bolshevik revolution . . . If this trend is carried to its logical conclusion we shall indeed not have history in the curriculum, but only social studies which, with luck, will be contemporary civilization, and at worst, predictions of things to come based on statistics of things happening.

"The teaching of history which degenerates to this point will bear quite as heavy a burden of guilt in failing to prepare new generations for the future as did that before 1914. We shall have still more generations whose efforts to rebuild society may be compared to an attempt at scientific study of the English language without a knowledge of Latin . . . rootless."

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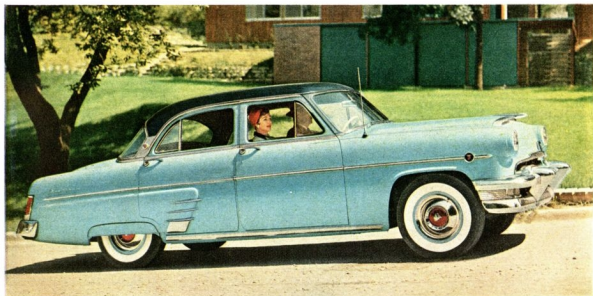
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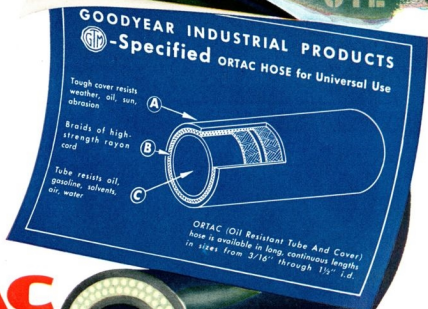
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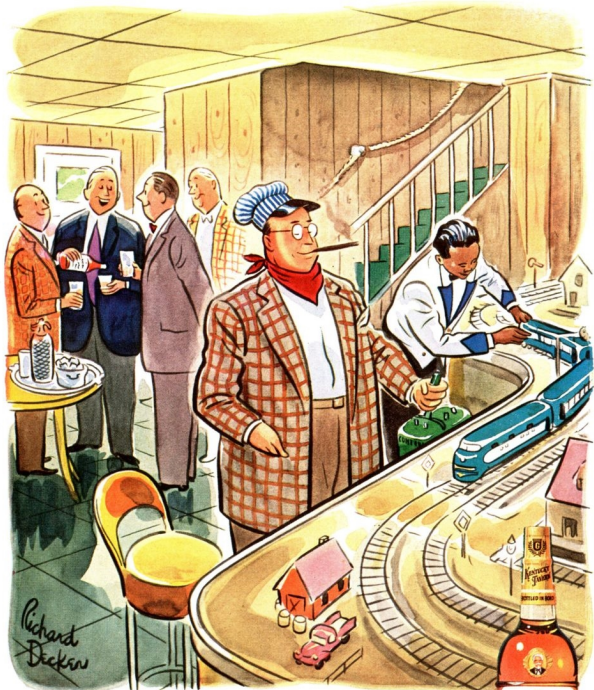
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MUSIC

"The Sad Time Has Come"

As they gathered in Carnegie Hall's orchestra room before the Sunday evening broadcast, members of the NBC Symphony seemed to sense what was coming. When the door opened, one of the men hissed for quiet and another called "Silenzio!" The musicians watched tensely as their 87-year-old conductor passed through the silence, leaning heavily on the arm of his son. Out in the hall, many of the audience who had come to witness the season's last Toscanini concert also guessed that it might be Arturo Toscanini's last stand with the NBC—and perhaps with any orchestra.

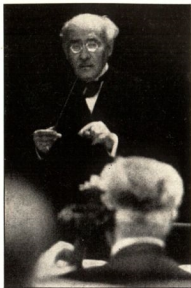
The evening's concert proved to be unlike any Toscanini had ever conducted before. Until two weeks ago, the Maestro's performances held the fire, vigor and precision for which he is famous. But at the final rehearsal he was upset, and walked out on the orchestra. At the concert—excerpts from his beloved Wagner operas—Toscanini's mind seemed to be far away. There were passages when his beat was robust as of old. There were other times when he almost stopped conducting, seeming to stand aside, listening to the music. Then the incredible happened: during the Bachacal from *Tannhäuser*, the superb orchestra actually became confused. Alert NBC engineers cut the broadcast off the air with an announcement about "operational difficulties." Incongruously, a few bars of Brahms' *First Symphony* drifted over the air, as a fill-in recording was played in the studio.

Strict Secret. But on the stage, the Maestro seemed to take hold of himself. He stepped to the edge of the podium, and, with careful gestures, gradually pulled the music together again. At the end of his final selection—the Prelude to *Die Meistersinger*—he left the podium before the final notes had sounded, and let the baton fall from his hand.

The audience clapped for five minutes. But Toscanini barricaded himself in his dressing room, did not return for his bows.

That night the papers carried the news which for a week had been kept a strict secret even from his own musicians: Arturo Toscanini, the greatest performing musician alive today, had retired. For almost a fortnight, his letter of resignation to RCA Board Chairman David Sarnoff had rested, unsigned, on his desk. Abruptly, on his 87th birthday, Toscanini made his decision, ran upstairs and signed it. Excerpt: "And now the sad time has come when I must reluctantly lay aside my baton and say goodbye to my orchestra . . . I shall carry with me rich memories of these years of music making . . ."

Flaming Spirit. The NBC Symphony, formed especially for Toscanini 17 years ago and built by him into one of the world's great orchestras, will continue under guest conductors for at least the next eight weeks. Its probable replace-



TOSCANINI AT LAST NBC CONCERT
The baton fell.

ment over NBC: the Boston Symphony, under Charles Munch (TIME, April 5).

Arturo Toscanini himself is expected to go to Italy for the summer. Whether he will return to the U.S.—or whether he will ever conduct again—nobody knows. But his 68 years on the podium are already a legend. Wrote New York Times Critic Olin Downes: "Should this have been his permanent farewell . . . his name will remain supreme and his achievement immortally revered. There has never been a more gallant and intrepid champion of great music, or a spirit that flamed higher, or a nobler defender of the faith."



BACKHAUS IN MANHATTAN
Young with Beethoven.

Triumphal Return

For 40 years, German Pianist Wilhelm Backhaus has been known as one of the world's musical giants. When he made his U.S. debut in 1912, his soulful mien and his remarkable performances created high excitement. But in the '20s he decided "to give America a rest." Last week, just turned 70, he made a triumphal return for a single recital in Manhattan's jampacked Carnegie Hall, his first in 28 years.

Pianist Backhaus, square-jawed and bulky, played five sonatas by Beethoven with the virility and technique of a man half his age. He began with the tried & true *Pathétique*, swirled through the *Tempest*, rippled through *Les Adieux*, produced a playful *Opus 79* and summed everything up with a lofty performance of *Opus 111*. "One of the greatest evenings . . . of Beethoven's piano music [in a quarter century]," raved the New York Times's Olin Downes. "Mr. Backhaus was young with Beethoven."

Backhaus' reason for staying away from the U.S. so long: a vague "things political." He is now a Swiss citizen (he left his native Germany in 1931), and although he played in Germany during the war, bears no taint of Nazism. But he had private doubts: "I did not want to come here and run the risk of getting a reception some other Germans had. Why should I run the risk?"

Wilhelm Backhaus was delighted with his success, but he was not sure about coming back for an extended tour. "I am too old. After all, one must face the fact." On the other hand, he has just completed a heavily booked tour of Europe. Reminded of this, he admitted: "At the piano I feel young enough."

Shy Venture

Secure in his top rank among contemporary U.S. composers of symphonic music, Aaron Copland last week took the plunge into opera. Shy about his venture, Veteran (53) Composer Copland first thought of launching *The Tender Land* (a story of the rural Midwest) far from the calloused ears of Manhattan critics ("I thought maybe Canada"). Then came an irresistible offer to open it at the New York City Opera, and Copland gave in.

Clean-Scrubbed Kansas. His opening curtain rose on a prairie-farmyard scene. His characters were plain, salt-of-the-earth folk: a grandfather (Basso Norman Treigle), a mother (Contralto Jean Handzlik), daughter Laurie (Soprano Rosemary Carlos) and a pair of drifting farmhands. The plot, such as it was, moved from Laurie's high-school pre-graduation party through a brief, unrealistic courtship ("I'd like to have a wife for a while," sang one of the drifters), and ended on a symbolic note by sending the girl off in search of her future.

Composer Copland turned in a compact (95 minutes), clean-scrubbed score. The opera's melodic high point was an eight-minute love duet. Elsewhere, Copland managed to give a fairly musical

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lift to such prosy lines as "Not for me, Mrs. Moss. I've already had three helpings." By the supporting fullness of his orchestra, he also made the singers' voices sound warmer than they do in most contemporary opera. But his music slid too easily from one cool harmony to another, and on the whole, held as little punch as the libretto. When it was over, the audience gave a long round of applause that was more polite than enthusiastic.

Sere-Faced Farmers. Brooklyn-born Aaron Copland has no rural roots of his own (although his mother was raised in Peoria), but always knew he wanted to write an "American" opera. A dozen years ago, he read *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, a prose poem about the hard-scrabble South by James Agee, with photographs by Walker Evans. Copland found it inspiring, afterward showed it to his librettist, Poet Horace Everett,* who



Martha Holmes

COMPOSER COPLAND
For colloused ears, too relaxed.

was struck by the photographs of sere-faced farmers and their families. Everett transferred the setting from the South to Kansas and finished the libretto two years ago.

As opening night drew near, Copland's shy doubts returned. *The Tender Land*, as he conceived it, was really only a step along the road to a full-evening opera to come; perhaps he was wrong to show it in Manhattan at all. He also worried about the human element: "When I write a symphony," he says, "I know the orchestra and just how it will play my music." Singers are comparatively unpredictable. But more important to Stylist Copland was the fact that he had foregone "the absolute originality of every measure," turned in an uncharacteristically relaxed score. "This is not," he smiled, "the opera the critics were waiting for me to write—if they were waiting."

* Also a painter under the name Eric Johns.

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TIME, APRIL 12, 1954



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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Busy Air

¶ In Pittsburgh, the nation's fourth educational TV station, WQED, began regular telecasts of three hours and 15 minutes a day, five days a week. Sample program: *The Historical Importance of Pittsburgh, Pennsmanship Through the Ages, Children's Home, Home Workshop, and You—the Artist.*

¶ In Los Angeles, the American Broadcasting Co. and Walt Disney studios signed a long-term contract. First result will be a series of 26 hour-long TV shows this fall, combining live action and cartoon technique in a program "based on adventure, variety, romance and comedy."

¶ In Stuttgart, Germany, Dr. George Fahrback, president of the West German Association of Nature Lovers, demanded that a law be passed against picnickers who carry portable radios. His modest hope, said Fahrback, is "to prevent songbirds from being drowned out by raucous radio jazz."

¶ In Washington, the good-music radio station WGMS announced it had the worldwide distribution rights to the recordings of all Library of Congress concerts, including performances by such notables as the Budapest String Quartet, Casadesu, Serkin, Francescatti.

400,000 Hopefuls

In a Radio City rehearsal studio last week, a 15-year-old girl in a bright-beaded dress sang a ragged version of *Secret Love* and then went into a tap dance that showed more vigor than precision. When she had finished, she stood, thin-armed and anxious, staring toward the control room where Director Lloyd Marx and Associate Producer Wanda Ellis were judging the auditions for the 1,000th performance of the *Original Amateur Hour* (Sat. 8:30 p.m., NBC-TV).

Marx turned on his microphone, said: "Thank you, ah . . . Betsy. We've got your application form here, and we'll let you know if you're selected for one of our shows." The girl turned dejectedly away and was joined by her tense-lipped mother, who slipped a coat over the girl's shoulders and spoke to her in a fierce whisper as they went out the door. The next aspirant, a moon-faced young man, was already at the girl's place before the studio mike. He burst thunderously into the *Largo al Factotum* ("Figaro! Figaro! Figaro!") from *The Barber of Seville*.

Skip the Gong. Over the past 20 years Director Marx and Associate Wanda Ellis have listened to more than 400,000 such hopefuls. Each week Wanda Ellis weeds out the worst of the contestants, and then Marx and Producer Lou Goldberg join her to pick from the survivors six acts to compete with the winner of the previous show. All worked for the famed Major Edward Bowes until his death in 1946. They formed a partnership with Bowes's lawyer and Ted Mack, the current master of ceremonies, to create the TV version of

the show, which has been on the air since 1948.

M. C. Mack has carried on the major's tradition of putting an end to applause by repeating "All right, all right, all right . . ." But he was too softhearted to continue the major's gong-banging when a contestant lost the audience's favor. Mack conducts rambling interviews with the amateurs, cracks heavy-handed jokes, generally contributes to the cornball atmosphere that satisfies both sponsor Pet Milk and the largely rural and small-town audience that stays tenaciously faithful to the show.

Frozen Singers. After the big moment on the air, most of the amateur performers fall back into obscurity. But some have gone on to fame & fortune, including



WINCHELL & DUMMY WITH M. C. MACK
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Opera Singers Mimi Benzell and Robert Merrill, Ventriloquist Paul Winchell, Dancers Vera-Ellen and Ray Malone, Comedians Jack Carter and Bert Parks, and such singers as Teresa Brewer, the Mariners, Monica Lewis and Frank Sinatra (who appeared on the show in 1935 as one of a quartet called the Hoboken Four).

After studying a generation of amateurs, Wanda Ellis concludes that the current crop has more poise and knowledge than its predecessors: "There used to be so many cases of stage fright—contestants would freeze up, cry, faint. That seldom happens now. And today's amateurs know a lot more about music; often the oldtimers didn't even know what key they sang in." Other changes: today, there is more pop singing than classical, and TV has brought a boom in pantomimists and interpretive dancers. Oddly, the number of comedy acts is steadily declining. The only thing Wanda Ellis finds depressing



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about her job is the songs. She explains: "For a while all amateurs were singing *I Believe*; then they were all singing *Stranger in Paradise*; now it's either *Answer Me*, *My Love* or *Secret Love*. They always sing the top hit song."

The New Shows

TV news programming grew in stature last week with the addition of two shows by two first-rate newsmen—John Daly and Eric Sevareid.

Open Hearing (Thurs. 9 p.m., ABC) concentrates largely on the work of congressional committees "where the issues—great and small—first rise to the viewable surface." The opening show was a sharp, well-done photographic wrap-up of the McCarthy-Army fracas, and was defined by John Daly as an "unfinished morality play." The show dealt with each of the principals in turn, and, mostly, in their own words. It highlighted the interesting process by which Senator McCarthy has sought, in a few short weeks, to change his role from that of participant in the fray to that of a sorrowing observer of an unfortunate scuffle between his counsel, Roy Cohn, and the Army's counsel, John Adams. Daly was eminently successful in his announced purpose of taking up one subject each week "and wringing it dry."

The American Week (Sun. 6 p.m., CBS) was a more uneven offering. Eric Sevareid started in major-league fashion with diagrammed displays of what would happen to big cities of the U.S. if they were targets of the H-bomb, and followed with filmed quotes from Physicist Ralph Lapp ("Let's have the facts given to the public") and ex-Diplomat George Kennan. But anticlimax followed with a "human interest" look at baseball and a too-long digression into the progress of the Wisconsin movement to vote the recall of Senator McCarthy. Sevareid announced that "I expect to use some words here and there, for old times' sake." In his opening show, he used just a few too many.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, April 9. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Galen Drake Show (Sat. 9:15 a.m., CBS). Guest: Tallulah Bankhead.

The Wetbacks (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). A documentary on illegal Mexican immigrants.

Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). *Death of a Salesman*, with Fredric March, Florence Eldridge.

TELEVISION

Opera Theater (Sat. 4 p.m., NBC). Debussy's *Pelleas and Melisande*.

That's My Boy (Sat. 10 p.m., CBS). With Eddie Mayehoff.

Comedy Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Jimmy Durante, with Liberace, Marilyn Maxwell.

Suspense (Tues. 9:30 p.m., CBS). Otto Preminger in *Operation Barracuda*.

U.S. Steel Hour (Tues. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Jessie Royce Landis in *Late Date*.



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THE MAKING OF THE H-BOMB

FOR four years the hydrogen bomb grew in secret and silence, stirring like a quickened fetus in the guarded laboratories. Few qualified physicists, U.S. or foreign, cared to talk about it. They knew that their science would soon give monstrous birth, but they had been warned to keep quiet. When the pictures of the bomb's fury hit the public last week, not many laymen remembered that the scientists long ago predicted what was likely to happen (TIME, Feb. 13, 1950).

"Fusion" of light elements, on which the hydrogen bomb depends, is the senior source of nuclear energy. More than 20 years ago, at Cambridge University, Physicists John D. Cockcroft and Ernest T. S. Walton shot hydrogen nuclei (protons) from a primitive high-voltage machine at a lithium target. A few of the protons hit lithium nuclei. The product of each such reaction: two atoms of helium and 17.3 million electron-volts of energy.

That experiment in 1932 was man's first taste of nuclear energy, but it was like the quick-fading taste of a single grain of sugar. Since most of the protons missed their targets, the hydrogen-lithium reaction gave a net loss of energy, and no one knew how to improve its efficiency. Other reactions of light elements yielded theoretical energy too, but all of them were overshadowed by the wartime development of atom-splitting uranium fission.

The scientists, however, did not forget fusion. Graven on their minds was a curious set of facts: when the elements are arranged in series according to their atomic weights, the atoms of those in the center of the series are lighter than they "should be." So when an atom of uranium (the heaviest natural element) splits into two fragments and a few loose neutrons, all the pieces, added together, weigh less than the original uranium atom. By Einstein's famous equation ($E=Mc^2$), this loss of weight shows up as the energy that powers uranium bombs.

OMINOUS PROSPECT

A similar thing happens at the light end of the series. If light atoms, e.g., hydrogen, are packed together into a larger atom, it weighs less than the pieces that form it. Here again, the loss of weight shows up as energy. A little figuring told the physicists that a given amount of a light element, forced to fuse, would yield more energy than the same amount of uranium. Besides, light elements are plentiful, while uranium is scarce.

This was an exciting and ominous prospect, but the trouble with fusion reactions is that they are not self-starting; uranium fission is. When a sufficient amount (critical mass) of U-235 is assembled, a single, slow-moving neutron can start an atom-splitting chain reaction in it and make the whole chunk explode. Light elements are not so accommodating. Their atoms must be slammed together violently to make them group into larger atoms and yield energy.

Except for such demonstrations as the 1932 Cockcroft-Walton experiment, the only way to get a fusion reaction is to raise the temperature. The hotter a material gets, the faster its atoms move. If it gets hot enough, they may hit one another so hard that they combine into larger atoms, yielding the energy of fusion.

Ordinary high temperatures, attainable by chemical means, are not nearly high enough, but the center of an exploding uranium-fission bomb (more than 50,000,000° C.) is as hot or hotter than the interior of the sun. Before the first atom bomb exploded, physicists were speculating as to whether atom bombs might serve as "detonators" to start fusion explosions.

The temperature of an atom bomb at the instant of explosion is fabulously high, but as the fireball expands, it cools off rapidly. If it cools too fast, any fusion reaction that it has started will die out. But if the high temperature lasts long enough, it will "ignite" the light elements. Then the fusion reaction will continue, generating energy to keep the materials hot until a large part of the light-element charge has been fired.

In the early postwar period, the prospects for fusion did not look very good. The available light elements—lithium, ordinary hydrogen and deuterium (heavy hydrogen)—seemed to require more heat than could be provided by the first atom bombs. The third hydrogen isotope, tritium, looked more promising. A mixture of tritium (H^3) and deuterium (H^2) will ignite at a comparatively low temperature, turning into helium (He^4) and a free neutron, and giving a big yield of energy.

The disadvantage of tritium is that it does not exist in nature. It has to be made at fantastic cost in nuclear reactors. Optimistic physicists hoped that a small priming of tritium would ignite large amounts of light elements that are not so hard to come by. Pessimists feared that too much tritium would be required. They pointed out that each atom of tritium manufactured in a nuclear reactor costs about one atom of U-235 or plutonium, which could be used to better advantage, they thought, in old-style fission bombs.

The optimists won the argument, and a tritium-production program got under way. The great Savannah River plant (cost: \$1.5 billion) was largely built for this purpose. As things finally turned out, it may not have been necessary.

GUESSING GAME

During the last month or so, there has been a storm of guessing about how hydrogen bombs are made. Every non-insider's guess is surely wrong in some particular. In the early days of nuclear energy, only two main ingredients, U-235 and plutonium, were available to the bombmakers, and both behaved about the same. Now the situation is more complicated. Many light isotopes are suitable for fusion, and under the conditions in an exploding bomb, they may react with one another in many different ways. They also react with the products, e.g., neutrons, given off by the fission detonator, and with materials in the casing of the bomb. As the temperature changes, their behavior changes too. So a diagram describing the behavior of a fusion bomb can give only a few of the possible ingredients and tell only a few of the ways in which they may react.

The main trends of H-bomb development, however, are clear to all. An early step was to force the temperature of the fission detonator (atom bomb) as high as possible. One way to do this is to make the fission reaction more efficient. The early bombs "burned" only a fraction of their fissionable material. As they were improved, they burned more of it and reached higher temperatures. The improved bombs, even though not designed with hydrogen bombs in mind, were therefore more effective as detonators.

FUSION BOOST

Another trick available to researchers is to place in the fissionable core a small amount of highly reactive tritium, perhaps mixed with deuterium. Both the isotopes are light gases, and so they can be highly compressed and confined inside the metal. They can also be dispersed through it in some chemical or mechanical way. When the detonator explodes in such a rig, the tritium reacts, turning into helium and raising the temperature of the explosion. Such "fusion-boosted" detonators are much discussed among hydrogen-bomb connoisseurs. The long series of "nuclear devices" that the Atomic Energy Commission tested in the Pacific and Nevada may have included many experiments with fusion boosting.

The purpose of the detonator, boosted or not, is to ignite the main charge of light elements. What this charge may contain has not been announced, and the possibilities are numerous. With some oversimplification, charges can be grouped in two categories: "wet" and "dry."

In a "wet" bomb, the main charge is made up of liquefied hydrogen isotopes: tritium and deuterium. The precious tritium is the most reactive. It combines readily with deuterium, and the energy that results raises the temperature sufficiently to

make deuterium nuclei combine in pairs, forming helium and giving off more energy.

Since deuterium is comparatively cheap and easily obtained, a practical "wet" bomb should contain very little tritium. But even the best of this type is cumbersome and impractical. Liquefied hydrogen isotopes must be kept under high pressure at a temperature close to absolute zero. They must be carefully insulated. If held for long periods, they must be cooled mechanically to keep them from vaporizing and rupturing their container. Outside scientists say that the "device" exploded on Eniwetok in 1952 was "wet," and that it weighed, with its necessary insulation and cooling equipment, more than 65 tons. If so, it could not have been a droppable bomb.

"Dry" bombs (the March 1 explosion may have been the first of them) use chemical forces instead of cold and pressure to keep their volatile hydrogen crammed into a small space. Their main charge is lithium hydride, a chemical compound containing one atom of lithium and one of hydrogen. Since it is a stable solid that needs no unusual treatment, its use eliminates the troubles connected with liquid hydrogen. It is the key to what airmen call a "transportable" H-bomb.

THE BIG QUESTION

Plain lithium hydride, which can be bought on the open market, is probably not the kind that the bomb-builders use. Natural lithium contains two isotopes, Li^7 and Li^6 , which behave differently in a fusion reaction. Most guessers believe that Li^6 is the preferred isotope. The hydrogen in the compound is probably deuterium (H^2). So the compound may be described as "lithium-six deuteride."

What happens when a charge of lithium-six deuteride is ignited is almost anyone's guess. A great many reactions are possible, and many must surely take place (see diagram). The main reaction is the combination of Li^6 with H^2 , forming two atoms of helium (He^4) and giving off a flood of energy. Since helium is the final product, the well-designed bomb should produce as much of it as possible, but side reactions are likely. Neutrons from the reacting plutonium are apt to hit lithium atoms, turning them into helium and tritium (H^3). Tritium may hit deuterium, yielding helium and a free neutron. The bomb-compounders may include other ingredients (e.g., lithium seven and ordinary hydrogen), and these will react in characteristic ways.

One big question: How much original tritium must the dry bomb contain? It may be possible to use none of it except in the boosted detonator, but some guessers believe that a small amount of tritium in the main charge is needed to promote the reaction. It will tend to re-create itself, acting like a chemical catalyst. Other guessers think that free neutrons from the detonator will create enough tritium (by combining with lithium six) to keep the reaction going at full speed.

It may even be possible to get along with no tritium in the detonator. A highly efficient fusion bomb may raise the temperature high enough to ignite the lithium hydride. Or perhaps it may, by "implosion" cause the fusion of a core made of deuterium alone.

If a fusion bomb can be made really "dry," with no tritium at all, a new era of nuclear energy has arrived. Every fission bomb in the world's stockpiles can then be upgraded into an H-bomb, with hundreds or thousands of times its original power. They will have to be reworked slightly and surrounded by a reasonable amount of lithium-six deuteride.

This task should be no strain on any bomb-possessing nation. Lithium is abundant, and its Li^6 isotope (7.6% of the total) is not hard to separate. Deuterium is found in nature as about 1/5,000 of the hydrogen in water. As nuclear prices go, it is cheap and easy to obtain. Measured by its explosive effect, lithium-six deuteride

is cheap indeed. One pound, if all of it reacts, has the explosive effect of 23,000 tons of TNT. Any desired amount can be used in a single bomb. Twenty-two tons of it, efficiently fired, would be equivalent in explosive force to one billion tons of TNT.

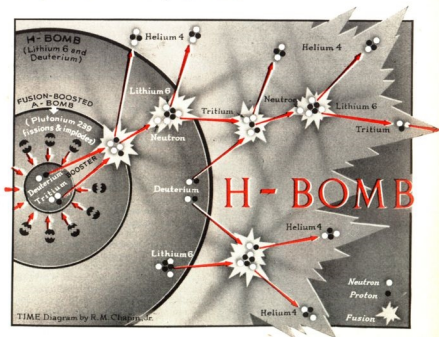
Bombs of this size may never be assembled. Even if considerably smaller, they would be hard to deliver, and they would "overbomb" a small area, digging a deep crater instead of spreading their killing effect over the living film that covers the surface of an inhabited region. There is a way, however, of getting around this disadvantage.

Unlike plutonium bombs, whose fission products are naturally radioactive, a lithium-six deuteride bomb is only a moderate producer of radioactive contamination. Its end product, helium, is not radioactive at all. The detonator yields the normal products of fission, but they are no worse than those of an old-style atom bomb. Side reactions may produce radioactive isotopes, but they can be minimized. Apparently, they were minimized effectively in the H-bomb that exploded in the Marshall Islands on March 1.

Though that explosion was 750 times as violent as a Hiroshima-type A-bomb (TIME, March 22), the radioactive contamination was not in proportion. Its effect at a distance was little, if at all, greater than that of earlier A-bomb tests. The Japanese fishermen who were burned by "death ash" were apparently victims of a local concentration of contaminated pulverized coral. Some of their burns, according to AEC Chairman Strauss, came from the chemical action of the ash. He probably meant that the coral, chiefly calcium carbonate, had been turned by heat to quicklime, which sears human skin.

There is no reason to believe, however, that the radioactive aftereffect of the hydrogen bomb cannot be increased, if that is what the designers want to do. First step would be the addition of an ingredient that yields free neutrons (Li^7 might be a good one). Next step would be to surround the bomb with a casing of an element that absorbs neutrons and becomes radioactive. Such a doctored H-bomb might poison a whole country.

Few scientists feel cheerful about the H-bomb. It looks like too ready a tool of destruction. They have only one reassuring opinion. At the present state of the art, they say, there is no chance that even the most monstrous bomb will get out of control, set fire to the ocean's hydrogen and turn the earth into a short-lived star. The H-bomb's ingredients must be pure and carefully selected, but the ocean is a mess of many nonreactive elements. Less than one-ninth of it is hydrogen, and the safe kind of hydrogen at that.



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THE THEATER

Condemned to Broadway

Many plays achieve Broadway, but few have Broadway thrust upon them. Alfred Hayes's *The Girl on the Via Flaminia* was successful at Greenwich Village's Circle in the Square, when out of the blue the arena-type playhouse was closed as a fire-trap. Finding no other Village theater available, the producers last week reluctantly moved *The Girl* to Broadway.

Fortunately, it can feel at home there. Adapted from Playwright Hayes's novel, it tells of life in Rome just after the 1944 liberation, when, for impoverished Italians, liberation also spelled defeat, and Allied soldiers were resented as pocket-jingling conquerors. The play tells in particular of a G.I. and an Italian girl (Leo Penn and Betty Miller) who come together because he is lonely and she is hungry, and share a room pretending to be husband and wife. There is no wartime idyll; the girl loathes her role and denounces the man with a full G.I. bill of wrongs. He—decent, perplexed, finally irritated—cannot mend matters.

Like many dramatizations, the play is episodic and uneven. But much of the writing has a quick, lashing force. The best episodes are both harsh and compassionate; and the character of the girl—both as written and played—has a tragic truthfulness.

New Play in Manhattan

King of Hearts (by Jean Kerr & Eleanor Brooke) sends up a shower of witty sparks over a rather flat and meager landscape. A satiric farce, it concerns a megalomaniac cartoonist (Donald Cook) who regards his comic strips as profounder than the Wise Books of the East, and himself as a sort of Einstein with sex appeal. He is exhibited in varied but always-voluble relation to an assistant (Jackie Cooper), an interviewer, a syndicate chief (David Lewis), a small boy he adopts (Rex Thompson) and a fiancée (Cloris Leachman) whose romantic eyes are opened by, among other things, his not knowing what color they are.

The playwrights have riddled their cartoonist with his own pompous, high-sounding clichés and then left him bleeding on their verbal barbed wire. *King of Hearts* boasts some of the funniest dialogue of the season and some fast punches to all the more inflated regions of the human anatomy. It also boasts—thanks to Walter F. Kerr's direction and the acting of a superior cast—a lively production.

The minor weakness of *King of Hearts* is that its cracks come with a slightly too metallic and rat-tat-tat regularity. The more serious weakness is that what little story there is should additionally—in a play that makes mincemeat of clichés—use so many plot clichés itself. Where the wit is so true and the satire so topical, it seems a pity that such sharp pins should jab, in the end, little more than a pin-cushion.

Playwright Jean Kerr, 30, with her husband Walter, 40, the New York *Herald Tribune's* drama critic, wrote the 1949 revue, *Touch and Go*. This season she contributed two sprightly sketches to John Murray Anderson's *Almanac*. A tall brunette with a gift of gag, she has a pretty, animated face and four small boys (aged one to eight) who are animated all over.

Most of her work on *King of Hearts* was done in the family car, parked along the side streets near her home in New Rochelle, N.Y. "I have to get out of the house to work," she says. "I can't think there, what with one thing and another happening on the domestic front—the maid coming in for advice, the kids running in. I'm always easily distracted."

Much of the original material for *King*



Gene Pyle
DIRECTOR KERR & PLAYWRIGHT KERR
From a mobile office, rat-tat-tat.

of *Hearts* came from Mrs. Eleanor Brooke, a Washington, D.C. housewife, who, as Jean had been earlier, was a graduate student in Walter Kerr's drama class at Washington's Catholic University in 1948. Mrs. Brooke collected a vast pile of research and turned it into a lengthy character sketch of an egomaniac. Working on and off in her mobile office, Jean invented additional characters and material and built the play in six months.

Now that *King of Hearts* is a hit, Playwright Kerr and Director Kerr are relieved, even though Critic Kerr's colleagues were almost as unanimous with their criticism ("weak plot") as with their praise. Kerr, a quiet-spoken man, feels it will take some time before he can be objective, as a critic, about the play he directed. "Right now," he says, "I'm being a deliberate schizophrenic." Jean is more exuberant. "Walter," she says fondly, "is just naturally a lump."

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MEDICINE

Tonsils & Bulbar Polio

Doctors are pretty well agreed that it is unwise to remove tonsils or adenoids while polio is rampant: within a month or two after such an operation, an invasion by the polio virus is more likely to result in the oftentimes fatal bulbar form of the disease. Last week the A.M.A. *Journal* called the attention of U.S. family doctors to growing evidence that polio victims who have lost tonsils, adenoids, or both, at any time in their lives, are more susceptible to bulbar and bulbo-spinal attacks.

The *Journal* conceded that the case is not yet proved. (For one thing, doctors can only guess at a possible explanation—that the tonsils and adenoids are part of a defensive mechanism against the invading virus.) But, the editors concluded, the evidence is enough to make surgeons pause once again before they cut out tonsils, and ask: "Is this operation really necessary?"

Nurse! Nurse!

Ten minutes from downtown Houston, in the vast, \$60 million Texas Medical Center still abuilding, the M. D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute stands out in a blush of pink marble. Just opened, it has 310 beds and everything that money can buy. But last week, only 98 beds were occupied and no more of the many waiting patients could be admitted. The main reason: shortage of nurses, which even a Texas oilman's millions cannot remedy. The hospital has 48 registered nurses and 66 aides; it needs more than twice as many, and where they will come from, nobody knows.

Most of Houston's other hospitals have a dozen to 100 beds lying empty for the same reason. The nurse shortage in Houston is more acute than in most of the

nation because the booming city (pop. 700,000) is frantically building hospitals, but the difference is one of degree only. All over the U.S., nurses are in demand and the supply is short.

They Get Over It. "It would never occur to the average citizen that there might be some problem in getting him a nurse when he's sick," said a Houston hospital administrator. And this same citizen would likely ask: "What happens to all the little girls who want to be nurses when they grow up?" The answer is: plenty.

Most little girls get over the nursing craze about the time their brothers lose the yen to drive locomotives or airplanes. When they are old enough to go into nursing school, most of them are looking for something more glamorous. "There's no glamour in nursing," says a nursing chief in Houston. "The girls have to come into it with a spirit of dedication, and enjoy it because it's a tough job well done." One-third of all U.S. student nurses drop out without finishing the course, many of them because they find it too tough.

The 15-Year Career. Those who graduate are soon tempted to leave the hospitals that trained them. Industry pays better, and now employs 13,000 nurses (as against 3,000 ten years ago), but trains none. State and VA hospitals take thousands more. Many go to work in doctors' offices. "They're draining the ranks and not putting any back," complains an administrator. "If they'd leave us alone, I'm sure we could turn out enough nurses to run our hospitals." Clearly, "they" will not leave the hospitals alone, and the only solution is to train more nurses. That will take money (to pay for teachers and quarters), some of which industry could supply and probably new nurse-training programs in Government hospitals.

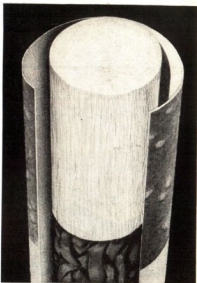
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STUDENT NURSES IN HOUSTON
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erage nurse trained in Houston will stick at it for only 15 years. After 40, most will do only private-duty nursing. The chances are seven out of ten that she will get married and sooner or later quit work to mind her children. In Harris County (which includes Houston), only 109 nurses graduated in 1952. While some moved out of town, seven more moved in. But the county lost 111 by retirement, for a net gain of only five, while the number of hospital beds soared from around 3,000 to 4,000.

Houston is learning fast what the rest of the U.S. has been slower to realize: building more, bigger and better hospitals is not the same thing as providing more and better medical care. With all the step-saving gadgets and wider use of less-skilled personnel, nursing still takes nurses.

A.M.A. v. Kent

The A.M.A., which banned all tobacco advertising from its publications Jan. 1, swung hard last week on a manufacturer who had cited A.M.A. findings in cigarette ads. In 80 newspapers last month, P. Lorillard Co. had advertised: "The A.M.A. . . . tests proved that of all the filter cigarettes tested, one type was the most effective for removing tars and nicotine.* This type filter is used by Kent . . . and only Kent!"

The usually soporific A.M.A. Journal came out of its editorial corner hopping mad: "The unauthorized and medically unethical use of the prestige and reputation of the A.M.A. and the Journal in Kent cigarette advertisements . . . constitutes an outrageous example of commercial exploitation of the American medical profession. The implication . . . that the A.M.A. authorizes, supports or approves any particular brand of cigarettes or combination of claims made in their behalf—whether pygmy-sized or king-sized, with or without filters, nicotized or denicotized—provides a most reprehensible instance of hucksterism . . .

"Until the clinical relationship between the amount of nicotine and tars and their effect on the individual smoker is conclusively established, no filter can offer a panacea except one that possesses 100% efficiency. The hard facts of the matter are that a completely efficient filter would permit the smoker to inhale nothing but hot air."

Profile of a Flyer

What personality makes the best jet pilot? Air Force Psychologist Saul B. Sells told the Aero Medical Association last week that after a five-year study, still going on, he and his colleagues have constructed this composite picture:

A youngster who derives his greatest satisfaction from "aggressive, masculine, gregarious activities [in which he seeks] dominance." He is interested in everything built around an engine, from hot

* Based on a preliminary report published by A.M.A. researchers in July 1953, that an asbestos filter (actually Kent's "Micronite") removed about 40% of nicotine and tar from cigarette smoke.

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rods and high-powered cars to flying machines, along with anything mechanical, scientific or military.

His character is harder to define than his interests: he should be generally free from anxiety, insecurity and aversions, and immune to annoyances; not easily swayed by suggestion and emotionally stable. While alert and able to do things fast, he is restrained in thought, perception and action. Concerned about making a good impression on others, he already



Walter Bennett

PSYCHOLOGIST SELLS

A good jet pilot is also restrained.

has a good one of himself; he must have an inner need to be conscientious, persevering and hard-working. Above all, he must have good self-control.

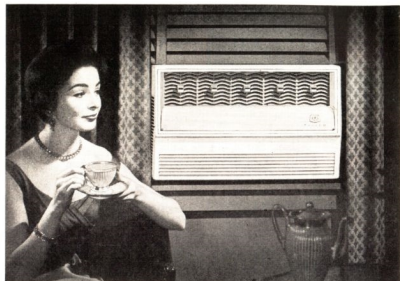
Along the way, Dr. Sells's co-workers at Texas' Randolph Air Force Base disposed of a couple of fallacies. Good combat flyers with markedly abnormal personalities are the exception, not the rule; in military (but not in civil) aviation, the best flyers have the most accidents—simply because they do most of the hazardous flying.

Vaccine Safety

Scare story of the week, aired by Gossipist Walter Winchell in his Sunday-night broadcast: "New polio vaccine . . . may be a killer . . ." The U.S. Public Health Service tested ten batches . . . found that seven contained live, not dead, polio virus. It killed several monkeys . . .

The facts: the batches of vaccine containing live virus were all from pilot runs by manufacturers tooling up for the mass inoculations planned by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis (TIME, March 29). None made according to Dr. Salk's final specifications has been rejected. Authorities agree that the vaccine used will be as safe as medical knowledge can contrive. Rejections of trial-run batches prove nothing against the vaccine's safety—only that the tests are doing what they were set up to do.

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RELIGION

Baptist Dismissals

"I do not deny the virgin birth," said Baptist Max Wicker, "and I do not affirm it. My mind is still open." This statement of position last week did not satisfy Wicker's superiors on the general board of the Southern Baptist Church in North Carolina. After a six-hour hearing, the board dismissed from their jobs: Wicker, 39, secretary of the Baptist Student Union at Duke University; the Rev. J. C. Herpin, 29, Baptist Student Union secretary at the University of North Carolina, and the union's state secretary, the Rev. James W. Ray, 39. Like Wicker, the others had been found too infirm in Baptist fundamentals for the general board.

The Student Union leaders were first put on the carpet last November, because Ray had invited Vanderbilt University's Dr. Nels Ferré, a liberal Christian theologian to give the principal speech at their state convention. General board members heard that Congregationalist Ferré does not believe in the virgin birth,* and they quickly canceled his appearance. Since then, the board has been digging into charges that the Baptist student pastors have been guiding their young congregations independent of regular church supervision.

At the board's hearing last week, some young voices were raised in dissent. Said one Baptist student: "Perhaps we students need to investigate some of our leaders for pettiness and prejudice." But most of the 500 Southern Baptists present

thought that the board was right, and that the young ministers were too "interdenominational" for comfort. "I am told," said one minister angrily, "that a Jewish rabbi has been invited to speak at a Sunday night [student] forum." Added another: "A man who doesn't believe in the virgin birth is no more a Baptist than the Pope of Rome."

Hollywood's Joyful Noises

In Hollywood one day last fall, Songstress Beryl Davis, British-born and an Anglican, persuaded three other well-known Hollywood girls to help out on an evening's entertainment at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. Her helpers: Songstresses Connie Haines, a Southern Presbyterian, Della Russell, a Roman Catholic, and Actress Jane Russell, a non-denominational Protestant. Beryl directed the other three in a swiny version of *Do Lord*, an oldtime hymn. The audience gave them a huge hand, and thereby launching a new U.S. gospel quartet on a promised career.

By last week the quartet's peppy recording of *Do Lord* had sold 180,000 copies. The quartet (with Rhonda Fleming, a Mormon, now filling in for Della Russell) has four more recordings scheduled for April, a date to sing on the *Colgate Comedy Hour's* Easter Sunday broadcast, and a projected movie short. Easter billing: "The Four Girls Making a Joyful Noise unto the Lord."*

Jane Russell, who deplores the sexy

* He says he does, but not too literally.

* From Psalm 100:1: "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands."



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PENNY EDWARDS & DAUGHTER
The truth was opposite.

roles Hollywood has given her ("Nobody knows the struggle I've put up"), last week explained and defended her feelings about religion and the Four Girls' type of hymn—the fast-moving gospel songs that she remembers from the camp meetings of her youth in Los Angeles. "Our song is joyful, it's scriptural, it's full of happiness. If to some it's noise, that's too bad.

"The way I see it, real church people don't have that terrible, austere fear of God. They feel like they're sitting on their Father's lap; to some he's 'Dad,' to others he's 'Father.' But it's a warm, friendly, loving feeling."

In Hollywood last week, Actress Penny Edwards, 25 (*Pony Soldier, Powder River*), announced her retirement from the commercial motion pictures to devote herself to full-time church work. Actress Edwards, wife of TV Director Ralph Winters, was baptized a Roman Catholic, will now become a Seventh-Day Adventist. Recently, she said, she had felt a sudden surge of religious faith. "I felt myself bursting with love and happiness. At that moment, I wanted to have a baby. Then, two weeks later, I found I was pregnant." Turning to serious study of the Bible, she found that the truths of Scripture were "just the opposite of the life I was living in show business." Said Penny: "I guess I posed for every kind of cheesecake there is, but now my heart has been changed."

Baptist on Brotherhood

Ex-President Truman rode over to St. Louis from Independence this week to honor one of his favorite clergymen: Rabbi Samuel Thurman, 71, for 40 years in charge of St. Louis' United Hebrew Congregation. Rabbi Thurman, like Truman a 33rd degree Mason, had worked with him for many years in state Masonic activities; in 1949 he offered a prayer at

Truman's inauguration, the second rabbi in history to participate in a presidential inaugural.* Others at the Jefferson Hotel's banquet table were the Very Rev. Paul C. Reinert, S.J., president of Roman Catholic St. Louis University, and Episcopalian Ethan A. H. Shepley, chancellor of Washington University. As the guest speaker, Baptist Truman had something useful to tell them all about that much-abused term, brotherhood. Excerpts from his speech:

"The first step of every enemy of this country has always been to attempt to separate the different strands of faith and belief out of which this nation has been woven. Our enemies have tried to set group against group, faith against faith . . .

"All the great religions, whatever their differences, acknowledge a belief in God as the father and creator of mankind. For us, therefore, brotherhood is not only a generous impulse but also a divine command. Others may be moved to brotherhood only by sentiment. We acknowledge brotherhood as a religious duty.

"Those of us who believe in God, therefore, can never be content to live for ourselves alone. We must always be working to eliminate injustice and intolerance, and to create a society which carries out our ideals . . .

"The beliefs on which we have founded our form of government and our hope of a better world are under attack . . . The defense of mankind against these attacks lies in the faith we profess—the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. Men and women who have this faith will refuse to bow to force. They will refuse to worship the power of the state. They will refuse to set their own nation and their own group above criticism. For they understand that above all these works of men there is the eternal standard of God by which we shall all be judged.

"It is only the people of religious faith throughout the world who have the power to overcome the force of tyranny. It is in their beliefs that the path can be found to justice, freedom and truth. Their religious concepts are the only sure foundation of the democratic ideal."

Theologian Upstream

Swiss Theologian Karl Barth, 67, has given modern Protestants a lot to think about. In the '20s, almost singlehanded, Barth took Luther and Calvin down from the dusty bookshelves where liberal Protestants had put them, and roughly recalled theologians everywhere to some fundamentals.† In the '30s, Barth was one of the first European churchmen to attack the Nazis. But since the late '40s, Barth has played a different kind of role. In the political and spiritual battle of

* The first: Rabbi Gershom Mendez Seixas, who took part in George Washington's first inaugural.

† Among them: Calvin's doctrine of the essential evil in human nature, and Luther's doctrine that man can justify himself only by faith in Christ, not through good deeds.

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Communism and the democracies, he has become Europe's most respected Christian preacher of neutralism.

This week, in a book called *Against the Stream* (Philosophical Library; \$3.75), a collection of Barth's recent writings, largely on church and state problems, appeared in the U.S. The book clarifies Barth's political position and partly explains its connection with his rigid theology, with which U.S. theologians, be they as "neo-orthodox" as Barth himself, increasingly disagree. By what he says, Neutralist Barth marks himself as actually an indiscriminate "participationist." The essence of his church-state philosophy: the church must participate in the affairs of any state, Communist or not. "The State," says Barth, "is not a product of sin, but one of the constants of divine Providence."

Thin ice. Barth's pessimism is enough to cast the optimistic reader into deepest depression. "Everything we see before us today," he writes, "is more or less polluted, diluted and devalued... Men were never good, are not good, and never will be good... The morality of modern civilized man has turned out to be a terribly thin covering of ice over a sea of primitive barbarity... There is no doubt but that in recent years the whole conception of a Christian civilization in the West has been pitilessly exposed as an illusion—not least in the eyes of the heathen and Mohammedan world."

With these sorry foundations under them, can Christians hope to build any systems of just governance? Barth doubts it. He first makes the point that, since every political system has some elements of good and evil in it, there is really not much to choose between them all. Continues Barth: "Something of God's wisdom and patience (though it may be only a reasonable traffic regulation!) will be revealed by even the worst political system. It has often been observed, and rightly, that the 'government' of whose divine institution the Apostle Paul spoke[®] was the 'State' of Emperor Nero..."

A Mod Mixture. "The Church," Barth repeats, "cannot ally itself with any political system, old or new, for better or for worse, just as it cannot oppose any system unconditionally." What about new political systems, e.g., Communism? Barth has his own question for that: "Can a new political system arise without the Christian Church asking itself how, with what fresh insight and strength, it can make a new and better appeal to men in the new situation?"

Theologian Barth has consistently urged that Christians in Communist countries come to terms with the new regimes. The churches should accept restrictions on them as "penance," protesting only when some really flagrant state violation of their rights as Christians occurs. As for ideology: "The Church can never defend and proclaim—or even attack—abstract

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norms, ideals, historical laws and sociopolitical ideologies as such . . . It cannot make itself responsible either for any ism or for rejecting it."

Equipped with this kind of reasoning in the '50s, why did Karl Barth come out so boldly against the Nazis in the '30s and after? His answer: "Nazism . . . was a mixture of madness and crime in which there was no trace of reason." Barth seems to think that Communism is different, and, like other European neutralists, he is fond of the old balancing act equating Russian Communist "materialism" with U.S. capitalist "materialism." The evils of Communist living, furthermore, are all too apparent to Barth from where he sits in Western Europe. Only "a few Western European Communists," he says, would seriously consider the Soviet way of life.

Professors' Textbooks. Never averse to minority positions, Barth feels that church denunciations of Communism



NEUTRALIST BARTH
Something of God in Communism?

would be superfluous. Says he: "When the Church witnesses, it moves in fear and trembling, not with the stream but against it . . . Must the Church then move with the stream and side with America and the Vatican, merely because somewhere in the textbooks of its professors—ever since 1934—it has rightly been said that 'totalitarianism' is a dreadful thing? . . . The Church ought to stand quietly aloof from the present conflict and not let off all its guns before it is necessary, but wait calmly to see whether the situation will grow serious again . . ."

So last week Karl Barth waited in his comfortable study in Basel, working on his magnum opus in theology, *Dogmatics*, still unconvinced that Communism is the "temptation" that Hitlerism was, still finding it hard to see any real qualitative differences between the Soviets and those rascally old American capitalists.

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ART

Voices of Dissent

What is good art? A work that some people regard as a masterpiece often provokes others to invective. Around the world last week, the debate stirred partisans of both sides to heated controversy:

¶ In Dublin, a bronze cast of a reclining figure by British Sculptor Henry Moore, purchased for the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, made Irish tempers boil. The lumpy-limbed figure was proudly hauled into a meeting of Dublin's Friends of the National Collections of Ireland. Up jumped fragile, 60-year-old Beatrix, Dowager Baroness Dunalley. "I am horrified by this monstrosity!" cried Lady Beatrix. "It makes me not angry but frenzied. That figure has got leprosy. It has got cancer . . . If we go down to hell we will see something like that." The Friends decided to delay the presentation of the statue; said the presiding Friend, the Earl of Rosse: "It is notoriously difficult to judge works of art in one's own day. The public should be allowed to judge."

¶ In Philadelphia, the Art Commission withheld approval of Sculptor Waldemar Raemisch's half-size plaster models of two pieces of sculpture for the city's new detention home for juveniles. Photos of Raemisch's models showed a group of round-faced children gathered around a round-faced mother. Objected one member of the agreement: the figures look "pie-faced." The agreed Sculptor Giuseppe Donato: the faces of the children look as if they had "retarded minds." Said Donato: "We have a responsibility to the public to see that they get a first-rate piece of art." The commission asked for photographs of full-size models before making its final decision.



Palazzo Bianco
CARAVAGGIO'S "ECCE HOMO"
Decision reversed.

¶ In Manhattan, the city's plans for a \$30 million Coliseum—four exhibition halls and a 20-story office building—at Columbus Circle were denounced by the influential *Art News*. Editor Alfred Frankfurter called the proposed design "utterly pedestrian," said the building would not fit into its surroundings, concluded that the whole project was "tragic, not comical." Frankfurter took to task Chairman Robert Moses of the city's Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, which is underwriting the Coliseum, for the "completely dictatorial way [he] is imposing this design upon the public," suggested "recourse to law" to put a halt to the project. Replied Moses: "I am not going to get mad. We are going right ahead and build the Coliseum."

Long Shadow

Early in the 17th century, a Roman nobleman commissioned three famed artists of the day to paint their versions of *Ecce Homo* (Pilate presenting Christ to the mob). He bought the one that pleased him best, by Lodovico Cigoli, and eventually it passed to the Pitti Palace at Florence. Another version, by Domenico Passignano, is lost. The third, by the great Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio, also disappeared.

In the centuries that followed, the fate of Caravaggio's painting has often tantalized art historians. It was not until Genoa's directress of fine arts began to get curious about a neglected painting which had long been dismissed as merely a copy of the master's work that the mystery was finally solved. Cleaned and restored to its original brilliance, and authenticated by Italy's ranking experts on the period, Caravaggio's *Ecce Homo* went on public view last week in Genoa's Palazzo Bianco.

Around the Corner. The Genoa show added new fuel to the revival of interest in Caravaggio, which has been growing steadily ever since Milan staged a Caravaggio retrospective three years ago. In recent months Critic Bernard Berenson has published an appraisal of Caravaggio's work, and British Critic Roger Hinks has added a critical biography of one of the world's most spectacular artistic adventurers.

According to Biographer Hinks, Caravaggio was a violent genius who cast a mighty long shadow. Born in 1573 in the north Italian town of Caravaggio, he went to Rome at 18 and almost immediately captured the capital by his talent for naturalistic painting, although contemporary academicians tut-tutted his ignorance of Raphael-esque composition and

GAUGUIN IN TEXAS



GAUGUIN

In his rambling *Intimate Journals*, Peter Paul Gauguin jotted down a bit of dialogue with himself:

*How much does society owe me?
A great deal too much.
Will it ever pay?
Never!*

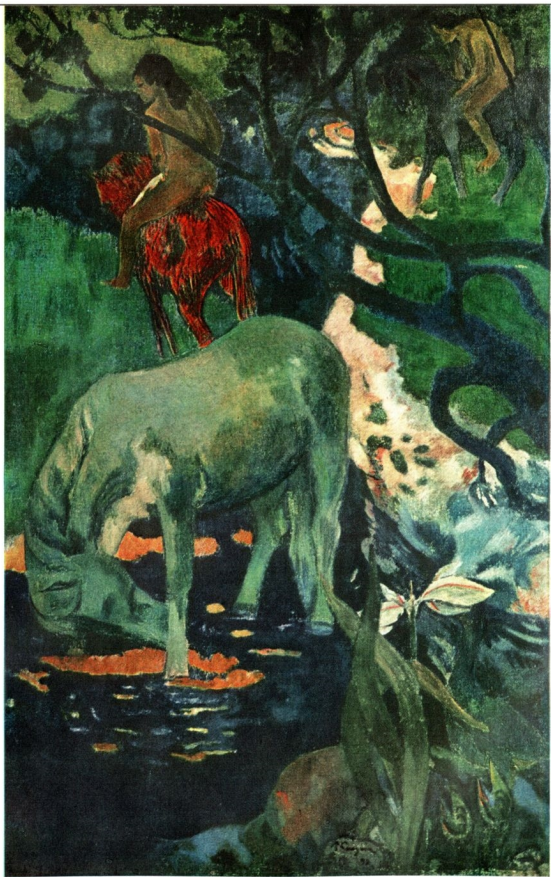
Never in his own lifetime did society pay Gauguin the honor, fame or fortune due a great artist; but in the years since he died in poverty on a South Pacific island, the world has paid his memory handsomely in the hard coin of lasting esteem. Last

week society made another payment on its debt to Gauguin: in bustling Houston, Texas, an impressive show of Gauguin's work was drawing record crowds.

Assembled in Houston's Museum of Fine Arts were 34 oils and 9 watercolors, drawings and prints, gathered from U.S. collections and the Louvre by Director Lee H. B. Malone. Starting with the premise that Gauguin "builds a bridge . . . between the past and the future," Malone arranged his paintings to

demonstrate the influences that worked on Gauguin—Japanese prints, Persian miniatures, Cambodian sculpture—and the influence that Gauguin had on his contemporaries and succeeding generations of painters. Gauguin's *Caribbean Woman with Sunflowers* was hung next to a 14th century B.C. Egyptian painting of the style from which Gauguin's picture was clearly derived; a Gauguin drawing was placed next to a statuette by Maillol, who got his inspiration from the Gauguin sketch.

Two of the best paintings in Houston's show are those reproduced in color on the next two pages. They were both painted in the last years of Gauguin's life, after he had returned to his Pacific islands for the last time. *The White Horse*, full of the liquid dreaminess of Tahiti, shows none of the personal torment which plagued Gauguin at the time he painted it; no one would suspect that the artist had just failed in an attempt at suicide by drinking arsenic, afterwards scribbling in a bitter letter to a friend: "I am condemned to live, although I have lost all my moral reasons for living." *The Call* was done after Gauguin abandoned Tahiti for Hiva in the Marquesas Islands where, although racked with disease, he found "everything which a simple artist could wish." The picture has all the vitality and lushness for which Gauguin is famous, and is imbued with his admiration of the island women, of whom he wrote: "These nymphs—I want to perpetuate them, with their golden skins, their searching animal odor, their tropical savors."



"THE WHITE HORSE" was painted by Paul Gauguin in Tahiti, is now owned by the Louvre.



"THE CALL," owned by the Cleveland Museum, was done shortly before Gauguin's death in 1903.

decorum. He worked directly from nature, without preliminary sketches, and painted sacred history as if it had all happened just around the corner.

Caravaggio's career was as brief as it was spectacular. A notorious brawler, he eventually stabbed and killed a crony in a dispute over a tennis score, and had to flee Rome. He found refuge at Malta, where he painted a portrait of the Grand Master and was rewarded with a knighthood. But then he assaulted a fellow knight and was imprisoned. He escaped, made his way to Tuscany, was arrested for a crime he had not committed. Soon afterward, he died of fever. He was then 36.

Into the Future. Had he lived longer, says Hinks, Caravaggio "might even have diverted the whole course of *seicento* [17th century] painting." Even as it was, he inspired dozens of later masters. Rubens borrowed from his swirling, figure-full compositions; Vermeer took over and refined his trick of illuminating dim interiors with dramatic shafts of light; Rembrandt adapted to deeper use his habit of painting the faces of real people mysteriously veiled in shadow; Georges de La Tour appropriated his favored color scheme (red on black); Velázquez, the realist of realists, gained conviction from Caravaggio's absolute devotion to nature.

To celebrate the rediscovery of Caravaggio's *Ecce Homo*, Genoa borrowed Cigoli's version from Florence and displayed the two together. Visitors thronging the gallery at the rate of a thousand a day, agreed with Expert Roberto Longhi that Caravaggio's version is one of his "most moving works," and much superior to Cigoli's canvas. Caravaggio had at last won the competition he lost to his rival Cigoli 3½ centuries ago.

Girl Explorer

The name of Evelyn Statsinger, 26, is becoming an honored one among American abstractionists. Last week her big, pristine drawings were on view both at Chicago's Frumkin Gallery and at Manhattan's Whitney Museum, where her one entry in the Whitney's annual roundup of contemporary watercolors, drawings and sculpture overshadowed most of the 180 other exhibits. Its subject matter was simply a series of unrecognizable, vaguely amoebic shapes. What made the drawing stand out was its haunting mood of calm and mystery, like a sky hung with changing clouds.

Artist Statsinger's drawings are no more unusual than the artist herself. Pretty, proud and painfully shy, she supports herself by working on a secret project at Chicago's Institute for Nuclear Studies. The job has given her a new respect for science, she says, because "these scientists don't know what they'll find next. One problem raises another, and they just keep exploring. That's the artist's way too, or mine at least."

Animals on the Mantel. The apartment where Artist Statsinger conducts her own explorations, near Chicago's crime-blighted Midway, is painted dead

The end or the beginning for Karen?



At three, Karen is already weak and undernourished. Her barracks-like home in Salzburg, Austria, is damp and draughty. Her meals are meager—meat and butter almost unknown. New clothing and needed shoes are an unthinkable luxury. Her father, a very old man, is an auxiliary worker whose income is enough only for the vital necessities of a barren everyday existence.

Because of her weak condition, Karen cannot move too rapidly, and so she plays with a cardboard box that she calls her doll house. Her artistic fingers keep it neat and clean, as her vivid imagination weaves childhood fantasies. In a city famed for music and song, her future could be bright and promising, but it is already clouded by stark poverty. It can be the end, rather than the beginning for Karen, unless she has shoes and clothes to replace her tattered and outgrown ones—that she may survive.

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white. The low, simple furniture is her own handiwork, and her clothes closet is crammed with carpentry tools. Ranged along the hearth and mantel are geometric little "animals" which she makes of papier-mâché and wire for relaxation.

From the start, Statsinger's explorations were in odd techniques. As a student, she made hundreds of "photograms" by arranging bits of string and other objects on sheets of film, exposing the film to the light, and printing the abstract result. She also learned the ancient craft of designing batik, the stuff sarongs are made of.

Echoes of the South Seas. The Statsinger drawings on exhibition last week seemed as relaxed in composition as her "photograms" had been, and the floating shapes that filled them echoed, abstractly, carved idols and amulets of the South



STATSINGER & DRAWING
Also the stuff sarongs are made of.

Seas. But the atmosphere of an ephemeral, voodoo-haunted world which her art creates is achieved only by the greatest precision and patience.

She has spent as much as six months on a single drawing, plying pen & ink as minutely as an embroiderer does needle and thread. By including endless details in her early works, she achieved great mastery of textural effects. Her most recent drawings are done in half the time and are even more effective. Now she can make a single smudge of graphite do what required 100 pen strokes a couple of years ago. But her major works still resemble tapestries as much as anything; they are not easy to place in a specific tradition.

"What difference does it make," Statsinger asks, "what school you work in? Who cares if you do something new or obsolete? Who cares if it lasts? I haven't explored enough to know if I'm in any tradition at all. I only know I'm alive today."

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THE PRESS

H-Bomb Misfire

As the press got its first look at the movie film of the first hydrogen bomb blast at Eniwetok in 1952 (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), it also got a blunt warning. The 175 Washington newsmen who gathered in the Department of the Interior's auditorium were told that the H-bomb pictures and descriptions of them were not to be released until April 7—a full week away—so that magazines and newsreel producers would get an even break with the daily press, radio and TV. But within 24 hours after the briefing, H-bomb pictures and descriptive stories were spread over papers across the U.S., and were on every radio and TV network. It was, said the New York *World-Telegram and Sun*, "the most mishandled thing Washington has seen since the disaster at Pearl Harbor was kept 'secret' long after everyone—including the enemy—knew our fleet had been wiped out."

The mishandling began at the start. Though the film, shot 17 months ago, had long since been cleared for security, foreign newsmen were banned from the briefing. When protests poured in, particularly from British and Canadian correspondents, the decision was reversed. (Russia's *Tass* did not even bother to send a man to the briefing, and no other Iron Curtain newsmen were spotted.)

Monstrous Fireball. As the press showing and briefing ended, it was clear that no one expected the week-long "embargo" to hold. Wire servicemen, moviemens and network reporters rushed the film back to their offices as if their deadlines were minutes away instead of a week. They started still pictures and stories moving over the wires and shipped the movies out by the first available planes. At the New York *Times*, Washington Bureau Chief James Reston advised his home office to be ready for the story to break at any moment.

As it turned out, the *Times* itself was the first paper to break the release. After putting their first edition to press, alert *Times* staffers spotted Drew Pearson's column in the early edition of the New York *Daily Mirror*. It was all about the H-bomb film, including a description of the "monstrous fireball . . . three miles in diameter." Since it seemed to the *Times* that Drew Pearson had broken the release date, Reston advised his office to run the story on the H-bomb film in later editions, but without the pictures. Then Reston called the Washington bureaus of the New York *Herald Tribune* and Associated Press to tell them of his decision.

Sleepless Night. For White House Press Secretary James C. Hagerty and Public Affairs Director John DeChant of the Federal Civil Defense Administration,

* Manhattan's Spanish-language daily *La Prensa* broke the release date of an H-bomb picture by mistake. A staffer misread the date, got his paper a clear beat.

TIME, APRIL 12, 1954



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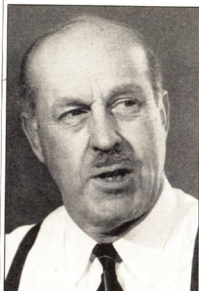
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it was a sleepless night. At about 2 a.m., the wire services called to say they were going to release their stories, since Drew Pearson and the *Times* had already done so. At 4:30, CBS was on the phone asking: What about the pictures? At 6:45, Hagerty and DeChant finally decided there was no use holding out, removed the embargo entirely. CBS, which had planned to break the release anyway, was on the air with the film at 7. NBC was not ready. Hagerty fumed—along with almost everyone else—at Drew Pearson's apparent breach of faith.

But when editors started calling Pearson to find out why he had broken the release date, no one was more surprised than Pearson himself. He had not even been to the briefing, or known about the one-week embargo. Actually, Pearson had got hold of the film script long before, had broadcast an H-bomb description



Walter Bennett

COLUMNIST PEARSON
He had nothing better to write about.

three months ago with almost as many details as last week's column. No one had said anything about it. Last week's column, said Pearson, was written only because "I didn't have anything better to write about," and was sent out two days before the briefing. It was set in type in many papers before the hydrogen film was shown to other newsmen. Snapped Pearson: "Just because I pulled an April Fool scoop on them is no reason for their accusations."

Actually, Pearson's column caused no excitement in newspaper offices when it came in. Almost all of his syndicate customers ran it in its usual position far back in the paper.

Good Motives. At week's end, Jim Hagerty made a backhanded apology to newsmen for "the disadvantages that were placed upon the news-gathering agencies that were observing the [H-bomb] release date. I and other members of the Government will try to work out, with your



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help, a system where the chances of this happening again will be eliminated."

One way to eliminate it was suggested by the *Washington Star*: "When news, in text or pictures, is available for release by the Government it should be released. Artificial restrictions on use of the news, even though imposed with the best of motives, simply do not work. The news always leaks out."

A Favor for the Queen

At her palace recently, Queen Juliana of The Netherlands received two of Holland's top newsmen, Editor in Chief Dr. Maarten Rooy of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant* and Robert Peereboom of the *Haarlems Dagblad*. Said the Queen: she was upset by press coverage and pictures of her and Prince Bernhard on vacations. Would the editors kindly do something about it? Rooy and Peereboom, both officials of the Federation of Netherlands Journalists, most certainly would.

In confidential letters to editors all over Holland, the two reminded their colleagues of an agreement that they had secretly signed five years ago. At that time, all Dutch editors agreed not to print anything about the royal family without prior clearance by the government. Apparently, some of them had forgotten, so Rooy and Peereboom thoughtfully enclosed new copies of the agreement to be signed again. But this time, they made the mistake of sending the agreement not only to Dutch editors, but to foreign newsmen in Holland as well. They also reminded them that stories about the royal family should be checked for accuracy before being printed.

The reaction was prompt—and hardly what Rooy and Peereboom expected. Wired the Foreign Press Association: "Freedom of the press is seriously threatened." When Rooy was asked if it was not the duty of a newspaper to check everything it published, he replied that the papers have a special duty with respect to the Queen. He warned that foreign newsmen who ignored the agreement should not expect cooperation from the Dutch press. The issue, said Rooy, is one of "civilization," not censorship. The association then passed a resolution condemning the agreement, and mailed it to editors and top government officials.

Many Dutch editors, reflecting on the power of the House of Orange-Nassau, signed the agreement for fear that their government sources would dry up if they failed to do so. Recently, for example, one foreign correspondent was warned that his pipelines would be plugged if he kept on mentioning the Queen in his stories. Another, recommended for a government citation, had the honor rescinded when it was learned he had written an article about Juliana for a U.S. magazine.

Though many a Dutch editor considered the agreement "shameful," they all seemed to agree with Editor Rooy that the whole affair was a "technical matter," not concerning the public. Not a line about the dispute was printed in any of Holland's 78 newspapers.

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EXCLUSIVE AGENTS ACROSS MAYFLOWER TRANSIT CO.

MILESTONES

Marriage Revealed. Jane Pickens, forthright, singing star of stage (*Regina*), radio and television (*Jane Pickens Show*); and William C. Langley, 71, millionaire Manhattan investment banker; each for the second time; in Westbury, L.I., March 26.

Divorced. By George A. Hormel II, 25, heir to the Hormel meat-packing fortune (Spam) founded by his grandfather; Leslie Caron, 23, French-born Hollywood dancer (*Lili*); after 30 months of marriage, no children; in Los Angeles.

Divorced. By Zsa Zsa Gabor, thirtyish, Hungarian-born cinemactress (*Moulin Rouge*); her third husband, Hollywood Cinemactor George Sanders, 48, (*Call Me Madam*); after five years of marriage, no children; in Santa Monica, Calif. Wept Zsa Zsa: "Sanders is a born bachelor. I tried everything . . . Marriage makes him unhappy."

Died. Crown Princess Martha of Norway, 53, wife of Crown Prince Olaf, daughter of Sweden's late Prince Carl and frequent White House guest while a refugee from Nazi-occupied Norway in World War II; of a liver ailment; in Oslo.

Died. General Hoyt S. (for Sanford) Vandenberg, 55, Air Force Chief of Staff from 1948 until his retirement last June; of cancer; in Washington, D.C. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Jacquin Leonard (Jack) Lait, 71, oldtime Chicago newspaperman, since 1936 editor of Hearst's tabloid New York *Mirror* (circ. 913,691 daily, 1,664,703 Sunday); after long illness; in Beverly Hills, Calif. Editor Lait doubled the *Mirror's* circulation, with Nightclub Columnist Lee Mortimer turned out four controversial "Confidential" guides to U.S. scandal and vice. Asked how he kept up his prodigious writing output (8 plays, 20 books, 1,500 short stories). Author Lait rasped: "Fiction is a cinch. I just set the screw in my head for 2,800 words, and out it comes. Not only do I not re-write, I don't read 'em."

Died. Frederick Lonsdale, 73, prolific British playwright (about 20 plays), best known in the U.S. for his 1925 Broadway hit, *The Last of Mrs. Cheyne*; of a heart attack; in London.

Died. Thomas Evans Riddle, 107, one of the four surviving Confederate veterans (the sole living Union veteran: Albert Woolson, 107, of Duluth, Minn.); in Austin, Texas.

Presumed Dead. Lieut. James Alward Van Fleet Jr., U.S. Air Force, only son of retired Army General James A. Van Fleet; two years after he was listed as missing following the disappearance of his B-26 bomber behind Communist lines; near Suncheon, Korea.



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UTAH: Salt Lake City, Newhouse

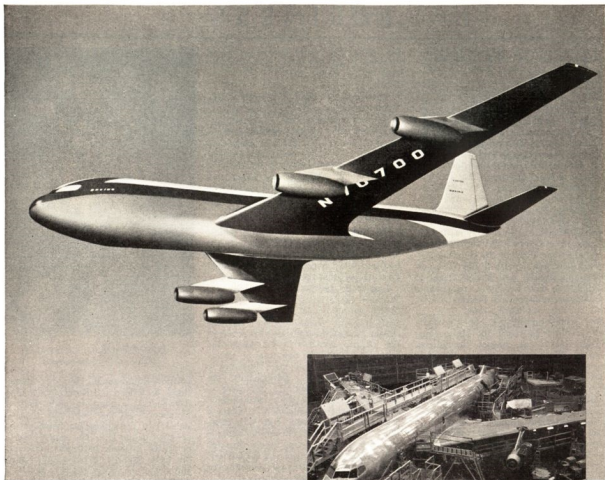
COLORADO: Denver, Cosmopolitan

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Vancouver, Georgia

IDAHO: Boise, Boise, Owyhee
Pocatello, Bannock

MONTANA: Billings, Northern

San Francisco, St. Francis, Now Affiliated



Preview of America's first jet transport

The model photographed above indicates how America's first jet transport will look in flight. The lower picture reveals the history-making airplane itself, now nearing completion in the Boeing Renton plant near Seattle, Washington. It will be ready for ground tests by midsummer, and is scheduled to fly this fall.

Boeing is building this prototype jet transport to demonstrate the valuable military and commercial service an airplane of its size, range and speed can perform.

A military tanker-transport, for instance, would complement America's swift jet bombers and fighters, accom-

panying them on long-range missions and refueling them aloft at their own choice of speed and altitude.

As a luxurious skyliner, the new Boeing will carry from 80 to 130 passengers, depending upon the seating arrangements chosen by the airlines. It is designed to fly non-stop from coast to coast, or from London to New York, yet serve efficiently over shorter routes as well.

This great new craft will travel the smooth upper air around 40,000 feet while maintaining a cabin pressure equal to 7,000 feet. It will be virtually free of vibration, and will cruise in the 550

m.p.h. range. It will be able to operate from existing airports.

Boeing is investing over \$15,000,000 of its own funds in the project. This cost is Boeing's contribution toward the creation of an airplane essential for the security and the transportation progress of the nation.

Although of entirely new design, this pioneer jet has behind it the thousands of hours of research and flying that Boeing has put into the six-jet B-47 and eight-jet B-52 bombers. It is thus the product of the world's most extensive background of experience with large, multi-jet aircraft.

BOEING

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Tax Cuts

Across the U.S. last week, prices were trimmed to reflect the \$999 million cut in excise taxes. Westinghouse reduced refrigerator prices as much as \$22.95 and electric ranges as much as \$20.78. Sears, Roebuck cut its hard-goods prices (e.g., a freezer, from \$299.95 to \$284.95). General Electric cut some appliances, and Eastman Kodak announced that it would make cuts that in some cases would exceed the 10% manufacturers' tax. Admiral, Philco, Hotpoint, Norge, Whirlpool Corp., Deepfreeze Appliance, Crosley, Servel, Frigidaire, Nash-Kelvinator and Bendix all announced that they will pass tax reductions along to the consumer.

But there was no rush to buy. The new prices apparently still looked high to buyers, who have become accustomed to much larger reductions in discount houses and cut-rate appliance stores. Sales in some stores picked up, but merchants were inclined to credit the approaching Easter season or special promotions. Said a Washington furrier: "Nobody broke the doors down. People rush to buy something before the tax goes up . . . not when it goes down."

But in the long run, most merchants thought that their sales would be helped. Although nobody might be inspired to rush to Tiffany's to buy a sapphire-and-diamond ring marked down from \$18,300 to \$16,500, a lot of less costly items looked more inviting to buyers. Furriers pointed out that the average fur costs \$300, and that a tax cut to \$30 from \$60 could mean the difference between looking and buying. Among the few businessmen who did not cut prices to match the

tax reductions were movie operators. Most kept their prices the same and pocketed the tax saving.

Butter prices dropped sharply as the Government lowered the support level to 75% from 90% of parity. Top-grade butter, which sold for an average of 79¢ a lb. in February, was down to about 69¢ by April 1, when the new supports went into effect. Last week stores across the country made butter a loss leader, and prices dropped to 55¢ and 59¢. One Chicago chain offered it as low as 49¢.

Stabilized

To President Eisenhower, the jobless total for March was a key figure. If the number of unemployed rose sharply, he had said, the Government would consider measures to stem the recession.

Last week the Census Bureau sent the President some heartening statistics. The March unemployment increase over February was only 54,000. It was the smallest rise in six months and less than 10% of the 584,000 increase in February. The bureau estimated the new total at 3,725,000, said that unemployment appeared to have "leveled off." Nevertheless, the March layoffs brought unemployment to its highest level since the same month in 1950, when the post-World War II top of 4,123,000 was reached. But with more than 60 million U.S. citizens on the job and with the usual spring upturn expected this month, the President and his advisers felt "encouraged," saw no present need for Government pump-priming.

AUTOS

Ford Pulls Ahead

In the auto sales race this year, Ford hopes to bump Chevrolet out of first place. Buick aims to take over third from Plymouth. Last week, as the first-quarter production returns were in, both Ford and Buick were out in front of their competitors. In the first three months, Ford turned out 369,620 cars while Chevrolet made 358,769. Buick's production of 131,775 was well ahead of Plymouth's 99,573.

This is not the first time Ford has pulled ahead of Chevy; it did so briefly in 1952 until material shortages and smaller capacity forced it to fall back. But this year, with plenty of materials and capacity, it hopes to keep its lead.

LABOR

Beck's Bad Boys

One of the most stubborn strikes in a city with a long history of labor unrest entered its fourth month. Eying each other across a widening void were the managements of five of Pittsburgh's biggest department stores and 1,700 members of two A.F.L. Teamsters Union locals.

The Teamsters in the picket lines had done well at the department stores in-



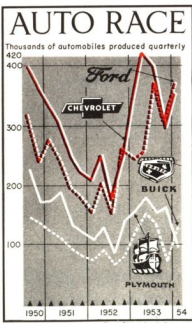
The Pittsburgh Press
PITTSBURGH POLICE & STRIKER
Out of a featherbed?

involved—Kaufmann's, Horne's, Gimbels, Frank & Seder's and Rosenbaum's. Their pay, \$2.12½ an hour, was at or near the Teamsters' national top, and they enjoyed two featherbedding privileges unmatched in the U.S. The stores were not permitted to make parcel-post deliveries, but were required to put a union driver and helper on every delivery truck, regardless of the size of the load.

Broken Windows. This helped to drive delivery costs in Pittsburgh to stratospheric levels. One of the stores reported that costs were running 4.6% of sales as against .6 of 1% at comparable Boston stores, and an 18-city average of 1.5%.

When negotiations with the union began last fall, the stores not only balked at wage increases but insisted that the driver-helper and parcel-post featherbedding clauses be modified. After the strike began on Dec. 1, Dave Beck, the Teamsters' international boss, asked both sides to arbitrate. Management's answer was that its right to use the Government mails was hardly a subject for arbitration. The local union also rejected Beck's plea and the strike broke out in violence. Store windows were smashed, paint and gasoline bombs thrown against cars of customers and nonstrikers.

In the long weeks since, neither the strikers nor the stores have suffered so much as the other had hoped. A Pittsburgh A.F.L. delegation persuaded the Agriculture Department to make surplus Government food available to the strikers, whose only income was \$20 a week each from other local unions. Teamsters soon boasted that not only were they helping feed strikers' families, but 6,000 other A.F.L. members in the Pittsburgh area as well.



TIME CLOCK

The stores, surrounded by picket lines just as the Christmas rush began, had factories and wholesalers ship directly to retail customers. They began using parcel post, also gave shoppers photographs of merchandise too bulky to send through the mail, and a promise of delivery as quickly as possible. An appeal by the A.F.L. to wives of union members to cancel their charge accounts fell flat.

Glimmer of Hope. Sales at the picketed establishments are off an estimated 30%, but profits have not dropped proportionately because high delivery costs have been all but eliminated. (The Horne Co. reported a record net in 1953.)

This week some Pittsburghers thought they detected a glimmer of hope. It looked as if Dave Beck himself might intercede. Beck, who prides himself on running his union like a big business (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), did not sanction the Pittsburgh walkout and has refused benefits to the strikers. Officially, he said only that he would move in "at the right time," and colleagues said the dispute was not the kind of strike Beck thought served the cause of labor. Said Teamster Beck: "I refused to sanction the strike before it started, and I don't condone it any more now than I did then."

RAILROADS

The Central Says No

One of the mysteries surrounding the fight for the New York Central Railroad is: Who owns the \$60,000 shares of Central stock supposedly sold by the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad to Robert R. Young's Texas friends, Clint Murchison and Sid Richardson? The Texans say that they bought the stock for \$20 million, but New York Central President William White charges that they are not the real owners, says they put up no money of their own. As a result, the Central this week refused to transfer the stock until it got the "proper papers."

Under the terms of the agreement by which the stock was taken out of trusteeship in the Chase National Bank, the shares had to be sold to buyers with no direct or indirect affiliation with Allegheny Corp. And the Central suspected that Murchison and Richardson had been able to buy the stock only with Allegheny's help.

High Finance. This week Young and his two friends cleared up the mystery of the purchase. It turned out that 1) the Texans had spent none of their own money to get the stock, and 2) Bob Young's Allegheny Corp. had clearly put up a large chunk of the money to finance the stock purchase. But no one agreed on exactly how the deal had been arranged.

Murchison said that he and Richardson had borrowed a total of \$10 million from Allegheny with the option of paying off the loan with 400,000 of their \$60,000 shares valued at \$25 a share, the loan to

WALT DISNEY has made a multimillion-dollar deal with the American Broadcasting Co. to put his entire menagerie on TV. Starting in October, Disney will turn out a weekly, hour-long cartoon show with Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck & Co., has agreed to do a minimum of 26 each year under a long-term contract.

COFFEE prices, now hovering around \$1.21 a lb., are climbing faster than expected, will hit \$1.50 a lb. by May, say roasters, who see no end in sight to increases. A. & P. has touched off another boost by upping all brands a flat 5¢ (to sell for \$1.09 to \$1.17 a lb.), and the rest of the trade will probably have to follow.

REO MOTORS, which has climbed from a deficit of \$2,000,000 to a profit of \$2,000,000 in four years, making trucks and power lawnmowers, has been sold to Henney Motor Co. Inc. of Freeport, Ill., makers of custom-body hearses and ambulances. The sale, still to be approved by stockholders, is a straight cash transaction for \$16.5 million, equal to nearly \$30 a share for Reo stock. Henney will take over Reo's plants and distributors.

GERMANY'S Blohm & Voss, the country's biggest shipbuilder (the 45,000-ton battleship *Bismarck*), is back in business for the first time since World War II, but on a smaller scale. The shipyard has just received permission from the allies to build light coastal vessels.

RAILROAD freight loadings in the first quarter dropped 11.7% behind the 1953 level, far more than the predicted 1.4% decline. Railroaders now expect second-quarter business to fall 7.6% behind last year.

MERGER between Massachusetts' Regal Shoe Co. (109 retail stores) and St. Louis' Brown Shoe Co. (TIME, June 1), which had been held up by the competing General Shoe Corp., will finally come off. Until recently, both Brown and Gen-

eral Shoe, two of the biggest U.S. shoemakers, held enough Regal stock to prevent either one from merging with the retail chain. But now Brown has made a deal with General that gives Brown 83% of the stock.

DU PONT, which is spending \$1,000,000 a year on titanium research, has just passed on the first fruit of its work by cutting the price of basic titanium metal for the first time. New prices: a range of \$4.46 to \$4.72 a lb. (old price: \$5 a lb.).

OUTBOARD motor boom is putting along faster than ever. From October through January, a record 168,000 outboards worth \$39 million have been sold by U.S. firms, a unit increase of 39% (51% in dollar figures) over the same period of 1952-53.

CBS, which recently lost a \$5,000,000 Lever Bros. account to NBC (TIME, Feb. 22), has evened things by grabbing two Procter & Gamble shows (value \$6,500,000) from NBC.

WHEAT farmers, despite the worst drought in a decade, may still wind up the year with more grain than they can store. Five weeks of dry, 40-to-50-m.p.h. winds have damaged at least 25% of the winter wheat crop west of Dodge City, Kans. But the winter wheat belt east of there still expects a better-than-average crop, which would push the totals over storage limits.

HARD COAL industry is in its worst trouble since pre-World War II days. Poor sales during the winter and increased use of oil and gas for heating have forced mines to chop prices as much as 12%, cut back operations drastically.

COLOR TV will be available in more than 60 cities by the end of this year, treble the current number. The American Telephone & Telegraph Co. is installing equipment that will bring color to more than 40 new cities as soon as local stations buy transmitters and receivers.

be "secured by our own general credit." The rest of the \$20 million, said Murchison, came from a \$2,500,000 personal loan and a \$7,500,000 loan, secured by the \$60,000 shares, from an Ohio bank.

In Manhattan, a lawyer for Murchison corrected this story in a few details. He said that \$7,500,000 came from a group of Ohio banks, headed by the Central National of Cleveland. \$7,500,000 as a personal loan to Sid Richardson from Young's good friend and business associate, Allan Kirby. Bob Young agreed with most of these details and added that Allegheny's loans to Murchison and Richardson were secured only by the oilmen's signatures. Said he: "Our relations with Mr. Murchison have existed for years, and we are glad to bring Mr. Richardson into the family." And he added, he has been advised by four sets of attorneys that Alle-

gheny's dealings with the Texans should not bar them from voting the stock.

High Profits? Why hadn't Young simply bought the Central stock himself instead of just putting up most of the money for it? His explanation was that the ICC has not officially recognized that Allegheny has divorced itself from the C. & O. But the net result of the deal was that Millionaires Murchison and Richardson are now in a position to make millions without taking a penny out of their own pockets. With the option of selling back the stock in six months at \$25 a share (the price they paid for it), they cannot lose if it goes down, will get the profits if it goes up. Thus, Allegheny takes all the risk and none of the profits, unless the two shrewd Texans voluntarily cut in the company. Said Murchison: "If the stock is selling at 30 or 35, we will hold on to it."

Read This before You Next Change Oil

Current claims for many modern motor oils tend to obscure one basic fact: *there are good oils and there are poor oils, at whatever price.*

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FASHION

Easter Parade

In solemn conclave at a cocktail party in Manhattan last week, eleven of the nation's top milliners met to announce their choices of the best-hatted women in the U.S. Each chose the one woman among his customers who "best qualifies as the perfect showcase for his hats." Under the terms of the contest, it was not surprising to find some familiar names among the winners. The top eleven and their milliners: Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower (Sally Victor), Mrs. Lauritz Melchior (John Fredericks), Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney (Mr. John), Contralto Claramae Turner (Robert Dudley), Soprano Mary Bothwell (Rose Saphire), Nightclub Singer Juliana Larson (Margaret Cody), Radio Commentator Ruby Mercer (Marion Valle), Coloratura Soprano Barbara Gibson (Helen Liebert), Cinematress Jan Sterling (Walter Florell), Actress Dorothy Stickney (Anita-Andra), TV Star Arlene Francis (Emme).

This year's trend—if such there ever is in women's hats—seemed to be toward bigger bonnets. Reported *Vogue*: "A sweeping new fashion to watch—and best watched from under the brim—is the wide-brimmed hat, famous for harboring the world's most becoming shadows."



MAMIE EISENHOWER



MRS. C. V. WHITNEY

SHOW BUSINESS

The \$23.5 Million Check

With a \$23.5 million check, Multimillionaire Howard Hughes last week rid himself of a pack of vociferously unhappy stockholders, and, for all practical purposes, became the nation's only sole owner of a major motion-picture studio. The check to RKO Pictures Corp. concluded Hughes's deal to buy all RKO assets. Two obstacles to the purchase were cleared as courts in Wilmington, Del. and Las Vegas, Nev. dismissed stockholders' suits to prevent the sale on the ground that the price was too low and the company was mismanaged.

All a stockholder needs to do now to get \$6 a share for his stock (which two months ago would have brought only \$2.87½) is turn his certificates in to the Irving Trust in New York. (Although Hughes's check was for \$23,480,478, his ultimate cash outlay will be only \$15,916,758, since he already owns 1,262,120 of RKO's 3,914,913 outstanding shares.)

What Howard Hughes would do with RKO, now that he no longer faces stockholder suits for heavy operating losses and fat contracts to idle actresses, was something only Hughes knew. As usual, he was not talking. But there was reason to believe he would do little, since Hughes, with stock control, has been running the studio in his own way anyhow.

For his millions, Hughes got a studio without a picture in production and without an established star in the fold. It has one-picture-a-year agreements with such headliners as Cary Grant and John Wayne but has no big names actually on the payroll. (Jane Russell, now negotiating for



CONTRALTO TURNER



COMMENTATOR MERCER

Under wider brims, harbored shadows.

her own picture-a-year deal, has been under contract to Hughes Productions, not RKO.) Even at that, RKO seemed a good buy. Among its assets:

¶ A backlog of old films, which, if released to television, would be worth millions.

¶ A seven-picture production schedule, with RKO to handle the making of two films, and act as distributing agent for the other five, to be made by independent producers.

¶ Twelve completed pictures awaiting release (among them, *Jet Pilot*, with John Wayne and Janet Leigh).

¶ Losses of around \$10 million which could be used to offset profits in other Hughes companies if they could work out a way to merge one of them with RKO.

CORPORATIONS

The Treasure Hunters

In Florida's sandy flatlands near Bartow last week, the Atomic energy Commission pulled back the curtain on a mysterious little factory tucked in behind the world's biggest phosphate plant. The mother plant is International Minerals & Chemical Corp.'s new \$15 million operation that can turn out a total of 40,000 tons of fertilizer and 120,000 tons of cattle-feed supplement annually. But the baby annex, with its maze of pipes and vats, is even more impressive. Behind a barbed-wire fence, International Minerals & Chemical is making commercial quantities of high-grade uranium as a byproduct from phosphates.

The process is secret, but the AEC has spent more than \$1,000,000 helping International Minerals develop its method of extracting the pasty green uranium compound from phosphates (probably deposited in the rock by sea water). Extracting uranium from phosphates is not new. Scientists have known about it for years, but large-scale production has always been too expensive. By introducing new methods and by making it a byproduct of its normal business, International Minerals makes the old idea pay new dividends. Florida has the world's richest-known phosphate deposits, and the AEC says that, suitably developed, the uranium from phosphates would be able to compete with that from the Colorado ores.

Taste for Growth. Finding uranium in fertilizer is just the kind of moneymaking operation that International Minerals and its bald, bouncing President Louis Ware specialize in. Ware, who learned the mining business from the shovel up, is a combination of scientist and hardheaded businessman, thinks researchers can ferret out untold new products hidden in the earth's drabest minerals.

Since Ware took over in 1939, he has spent \$43 million on research and expansion, often by buying up likely-looking companies. He has built a chemical giant with 70 plants in 26 states, making everything from fertilizer for farmers to taste powders for housewives' stews. For example, in 1942, Ware's researchers, who were then extracting potash from sugar



Fear takes a holiday

Normally these animals shun each other. But in a drought, thirst conquers fear . . . and they drink in peace together.

Water gushes from a tap so plentifully you might assume its supply is endless.

Unfortunately, this is not so. Our constantly growing population and increasing demands of industry place a heavy drain on our overworked water sources. Insufficient rainfall and erosion make the situation even more acute.

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Saves on operating costs! Uses little or no current when water is off. The Frigidaire Flash-O-Matic Water Cooler chills instantly, but only when water runs.

Passes the tough "chill" test! Flash-O-Matic action comes through with flying colors! Hundreds of glasses of water were drawn, one after another, hour after hour, and the last glass proved just as refreshingly ice cold as the first!

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Frigidaire Water Coolers



Built and backed by General Motors

beets, discovered that one of their by-products was monosodium glutamate. Ware bought up a small Ohio taste-powder company that was making the chemical out of molasses, and proceeded to make it his new way. Now sales of International Minerals' Accent total \$10 million a year and some 700 food processors use it.

Opening Doors. International Minerals, which once concentrated on phosphates for fertilizer and cattle feed, now makes 20 different products that have boosted sales from under \$12 million to \$88 million in 1953, with profits of \$7,000,000 (up 5,500%). International Minerals makes bonding clays for foundry use, recovers feldspar which is useful to ceramics makers, extracts bentonite (another specialized clay) for use in oil-well drilling. Says Ware: "Research is our lifeblood. With it, you open one door and find four more. How far you go depends only on your resources and your native ingenuity."

MODERN LIVING

Grand Motel

While driving about the U.S. in the early 1940s gathering material for a weekly syndicated travel column, husky (6 ft. 2 in.) Warren Bayley worked up an explosive head of steam against short beds, rock-hard mattresses and drafty bathrooms. He made up his mind that some day he was going to build a place of his own where travelers could spend the night in comfort.

Last week, after persuading 1,700 Californians to invest \$1,320,000, Bayley, now 53, finally opened his dream inn, one of the biggest motels (320 bedrooms) in the U.S. At his tile-roofed, Mediterranean-style Hacienda in Fresno, Calif. (pop. 91,669), Bayley has king-size (6 ft. 8 in.) beds, individual room air conditioning, A \$1,000,000 "activities center" houses a coffee shop, restaurant, banquet rooms, two bars. One of the Hacienda's two swimming pools has a glass wall so that patrons in a basement bar get an underwater view of the swimmers.

AVIATION

The Magic Word

In the transcontinental airline business, a magic, dollar-bearing word has cropped up in the last few months. The word: nonstop. Roaring eastward with a howling tail wind last week, a new Douglas DC-7 belonging to American Airlines hit top speeds of 480 m.p.h., made it from Los Angeles to New York in a single 6-hr.-10-min. jump, for a new commercial speed record. While American was hanging up its record, United Air Lines impatiently took delivery of its first DC-7 so that it, too, could get into the transcontinental race. At stake is the coast-to-coast luxury trade, and the competition gets hotter with every flight.

What touched it off was the DC-7 that American introduced last November—the first plane scheduled to fly both ways nonstop from Los Angeles to New



"HACIENDA" BAR & VIEW
With a drink, seeing things.

York. American's advertised schedules of 7 hrs. 15 min. nonstop from Los Angeles, and 8 hrs. 40 min. one-stop from San Francisco, were anywhere from 40 min. to 2 hrs. 45 min. faster than competing airlines. Result: large chunks of United's and T.W.A.'s blue-ribbon business have flown off in American's 20 DC-7s.

Champagne, Anyone? To win back their lost business, both United and T.W.A. are spending a total of \$103 million on their own superplanes, many of which will be used on East-West runs. By June, United will have the first of its 25 DC-7s in service, plans to take the edge off American's one-stop San Francisco service by making it in a single jump, thus saving 70 minutes. United's ships will have forward and after compartments, and a special baggage room up front so passengers can get at their luggage in flight.

T.W.A. will stick to its faithful Lockheed Super Constellations, but is shelling out an extra \$10 million to make its 20 new ships palaces in the sky. T.W.A. passengers already get free champagne with their dinners, and can have full-length berths on nighttime flights. Last week T.W.A. cut the berth charge from \$90 to \$25.

Connie on the Dot. The airlines are keeping a close watch on competitors' performance. T.W.A., which already has one nonstop eastbound run in its Constellations, sniffs that American's schedules are just paper performance. Eastbound, says T.W.A., the new planes are late 40% of the time. Westbound, the DC-7s do even worse, take up to twelve hours, because of headwinds. Temporarily, American has been getting exemptions from the CAA rule against flight crews staying on the job for longer than eight hours at a stretch. But last week CAA itself was checking arrival times to see if the schedules are realistic.

Sinclair reports on 1953

In 1953, Sinclair Oil Corporation not only strengthened its financial position but set all-time high records in the volume of crude oil produced, in transportation, in refining, in sales volume and in gross income. High costs incident to the accelerated examination of undeveloped oil and gas leases tended to reduce net earnings which amounted to \$68,061,006, or \$5.53 a share. The comparable result for 1952 was \$76,844,952, or \$6.29 a share, exclusive of a special credit of \$9,630,351 derived from the sale of an investment.

SALES—Measured in terms of sales volume, sales value, the development of new products and the activation of new distributing facilities, 1953 was a record year for Sinclair. The volume of products marketed in the United States increased 6.4 per cent over sales in 1952, to reach another all-time high.

CRUDE PRODUCTION—Net domestic production of crude oil and other liquid hydrocarbons was at a daily average of 127,100 barrels, as compared with 124,200 for 1952. New discoveries and acquisitions improved Sinclair's daily production and its estimated reserves.

REFINING—Last year, Sinclair's seven domestic refineries processed a total of 145 million barrels of crude oil, another new high. Expressed in daily throughput, this represents an average of more than 396,000 barrels per day, an increase of 9.6 per cent over the year 1952.

PIPE LINE OPERATIONS—Pipelines were extended to reach new markets, modernized to reduce transportation costs, and enlarged to carry more crude oil and refined products. Pipe line traffic reached a record 175.7 million barrels.

RESEARCH—Sinclair was granted a patent in 1953 covering a new technique by which there may be developed a method of using underground heat to recover oil which can not now be produced by conventional primary and secondary methods. A new platinum catalytic process for producing high octane gasoline also was announced.

PETROCHEMICALS—The Company's wholly-owned petrochemical subsidiary reported a marked increase in sales in its first full year of operation.

INVESTMENTS—In compliance with an order of the Securities & Exchange Commission, plans are being formulated for the disposal of 769,721 shares of Pioneer Natural Gas Company common stock and 384,860 shares of Westpan Hydrocarbon Company common stock, which are carried on Sinclair's books at nominal value.

*A copy of the
Annual Report for 1953
is available
on request.*

SINCLAIR

A Great Name in Oil

SINCLAIR OIL CORPORATION • 600 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

TIME, APRIL 12, 1954

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SHULTON

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CINEMA

The Big Money

The top box-office movies for March, according to the trade sheet *Variety*:

- 1) *The Glenn Miller Story* (Universal-International)
- 2) *This Is Cinerama* (Independent)
- 3) *The Long, Long Trailer* (M-G-M)
- 4) *Hell and High Water* (20th Century-Fox; CinemaScope)
- 5) *Money from Home* (Paramount)

The New Pictures

Prince Valiant (20th Century-Fox). In this movie version of Harold Foster's comic strip, Producer Robert L. Jacks and Director Henry Hathaway have not only matched the museum-copied look of the well-known Sunday viking and his cohorts; they have caught the panel's inner mood of stilted boyhood reverie as well. The outer semblance was attained partly by chance—the CinemaScope screen coincides roughly with the dimensions Foster favors for his cautiously grand panoramas.

For nine weeks Fox cameramen toured Britain, shooting Technicolor background footage of the island's vistas and keeps—Caernarvon, Warwick, Braemar, Eilean Donan and Alnwick (which in the picture serves for Arthur's Camelot). The Scottish village of Dornie, used for a viking stronghold, was mostly rebuilt on the Fox lot for the big siege scene.

The actors, too, were chosen for their resemblance to the comic-strip characters. Robert Wagner, in a page-boy wig and leather buskins, is Prince Val stepping off the page. Janet Leigh, in a palomino peruke, makes a pretty Aleta, James Mason a swart and athletic villain. A couple of vikings, Victor McLaglen and former Heavyweight Champ Primo Carnera, with their grunting and spluttering through chin-wigs, give a show that can only be matched by the Wednesday-night wrestling on television.

The plot of the picture is a rapid rundown of Val's early adventures. A viking prince whose throne has been usurped, Val comes to Camelot to ask for a seat at the Table Round. Refused, he becomes a squire to Sir Gawain (Sterling Hayden), falls in love with the Princess Aleta of Ord, is captured by his viking foe, escapes, leads a charge on the enemy citadel, foils a plot to betray King Arthur, kills the villain with his "Singing Sword," and wins his lady fair—all in 100 minutes.

Prince Valiant, in short, is all a small boy could ask for. His parents might as well relax and enjoy the fun too.

Drive a Crooked Road (Columbia). The awkward age for most boys was the golden age for Mickey Rooney. But like most prodigies, one of the most talented child actors of modern times has had to pay for his precocity. At 24, he found himself a has-been—the public would no longer believe that he was a boy and was bored by the suggestion that he was a man. In the last five years, Mickey has



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TIME, APRIL 12, 1954

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If you select your bourbon with a view to serving it straight, over ice, may we specially recommend Walker's DeLuxe? Its elegant taste and uncommon smoothness permit it to pass this exacting test with flying colors. For Walker's DeLuxe is Hiram Walker's finest bourbon—6 years old, 90.4 proof—equally superb served straight or mixed.

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10,000 lb. "Stevodore Special" handles steel on the Belgian Line pier.



Mechanic's-eye view of the Hydratork Drive and torque converter.

More work, Less Maintenance with Clark's HYDRATORK DRIVE Lift Truck

Among the users of Clark's Hydratork Drive lift trucks is Frank Russo, Chief Mechanic for the Belgian Line. Mr. Russo states: "The HYDRATORK DRIVE is the only truck I've ever seen with guts enough to put a 10,000 lb. load on the dock without dunnage underneath, and pull out from under it."

Thoroughly tested in the field and in Clark's own automotive laboratories before it was placed on the market, the Hydratork Drive proved that it produces more work at less cost than conventional machines. This is a logical result of Clark's experience in the fundamental field of transmission engineering. For a copy of an informative booklet on the Hydratork Drive, write to

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**CLARK
EQUIPMENT**

made seven pictures, in each of which he seemed less and less the Hardy perennial.

The news of *Drive a Crooked Road* is in the evidence it gives that Actor Rooney is still a skilled actor. He plays a grease monkey who drives racing cars on the side, a lovelorn little beagle who trots adoringly after the first pretty girl (Dianne Foster) who ever gave him a pat. He finds out too late—sucker's luck—that she has led him into a plot to rob a bank. Mickey drives the getaway car, but discovers at the other end of the crooked road he has taken that the girl he thought it led to has been the property of another man all along.

Like most Hollywood melodramas of the seamy side, *Drive a Crooked Road* is competently made, i.e., it efficiently machine-stitches the moviegoer's emotions. Rooney plays his fall guy straight down the middle as a decent, unsmart joe who



MIKEY ROONEY & DIANNE FOSTER
Gone is the Hardy perennial.

has the usual worries of a man shorter than most of the girls, with the result that he catches the audience's sympathy and holds it even to an improbable end. It is a modest but genuine triumph of self-restrained playing, and suggests that Mickey might well develop from a fine instinctive performer into a keenly conscious and accomplished character actor.

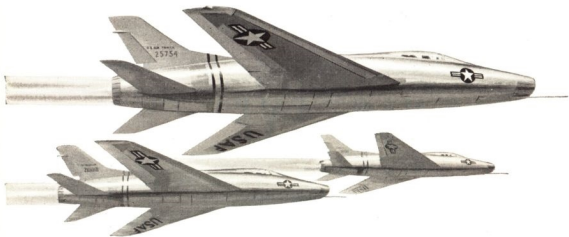
The Siege at Red River (Panoramic; 20th Century-Fox) is a solid wad of batting from Fox's production cushion. Last year, when the studio converted to CinemaScope, it shrewdly maintained a small-screen corporation to fall back on, just in case CinemaScope should prove to be a lumpy bed. It was headed by Leonard Goldstein (TIME, April 28, 1952), who made millions for Universal-International with low-budget pictures like *Ma and Pa Kettle* and *Francis*, the talking mule. Now that the wide-screen boom is, in fact, shaking down to competitive normalcy, Goldstein may be worth his weight in gold.

Siege is a reliable old yarn that looks

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America's first operational supersonic fighter... the F-100 Super Sabre... surpasses Mach 1—the speed of sound—in normal, level flight. Mach, (pronounced "mock"), is the only accurate way of expressing jet plane speeds, because the speed of sound varies with the temperature and the altitude at which a plane is flying. So, a jet flying at Mach 1 is flying at the speed of sound... no matter what altitude or temperature. The sound of these powerful jets overhead is your assurance of security in the skies.

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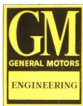
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Another



First!



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AUTOMATIC HEADLIGHT CONTROL



Guide

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better than usual, chiefly because it has bigger stars. Van Johnson is on a secret mission for the Confederate States, running a Gatling gun to Southern sympathizers in the West. Joanne Dru is the Reb-hating daughter of a Union officer. This means, as every moviegoer should know, that they were meant for each other. After Van helps the Yanks chase some Indians away from a Union fort (it's not that he loves Yankees, suh, but there are women and children in there), love triumphs.

The best scene, a violent cavalry battle in a cliff-closed arroyo through which the horses charge with a fine splatter of hooves, is so thrilling that moviegoers will probably not mind its resemblance to a scene in a 1944 Joel McCrea picture, *Buffalo Bill*.

Harem-Scare'em

Yankee Pasha (Universal-International). "A tasty morsel," the slave trader coos, "should always be well-served." He claps his hands and some Moorish slaves drag in the beautiful white captive (Rhonda Fleming), who writhes seductively through the rents in her muslin. "I'm not one to submit with servility!" she cries, for she is a New England miss. "Such spirit amuses me," murmurs Omar, the Aga of the Janissaries (Bart Roberts), lecherously twirling his lip-tussock, and off she is hauled to his harem, there to be anointed with fragrant scents that drive the Aga gaga.

Poor Rhonda, can anything save her now? Odd, but it so happens that the captain of the sultan's guard (Jeff Chandler) is a fellow Rhonda knew back in Salem, Mass. And so the harem-scare'em ends with Jeff at the head of a revolt ("Come on, slaves, what have we got to lose?") that leaves Omar wriggling in Technicolor on a meathook.

Saadia (M.G.-M.). "I will not allow any man to look at my body," moans Saadia (Rita Gam), a Moroccan's daughter, as the kaid (Cornel Wilde) pounds at her portal. The kaid commands, Saadia fearfully slides back the bolt. In rushes the desert chieftain. Has he come to print a searing kiss upon her lips? No, he has merely brought the local French medic (Mel Ferrer), who says that Saadia has acute appendicitis, and proceeds to cut her open.

From this point on, it is fairly clear that *Saadia* is not about sex, but then, it is not about much of anything else, either. There is a witch (Wanda Rotha) who changes into an owl and a Holy Man (Cyril Cusack) who declares that Saadia "has a soul capable of the most extraordinary action." In fact, she turns out to be a sort of North African Calamity Jane, who rides off into the badlands, carves up a bandit chief, steals back some serum he has stolen, and so saves the country from a bubonic plague. In the end, of course, she wins the No. 1 bunk in the kaid's harem.

Except for the serum-stealing episode, *Saadia* has about as much plot and pace as a travelogue. Scenes follow each other



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Full-size freezer in bottom stores 220 lbs. of frozen food, has giant roll-out bin for bulky items.

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Designed so top of freezer door makes a handy shelf the same height as standard kitchen counters.



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MEL FERRER & RITA GAM
In the end, the bunk.

like lantern slides, and the leading players recite their speeches in a sort of elocution-lesson English, apparently intended to suggest that they are speaking cultivated French. Cornel Wilde even groans in an Oxford accent. Mel Ferrer, an actor who appears to know better, seems sheepish most of the time, but Rita Gam at least manages to look like what the Hollywood wise guys have been calling her: the leg with a first name.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Night People. Capitalist meets commissar in Berlin, and Writer-Producer-Director Nunnally Johnson hangs their heads together; with Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford (TIME, March 22).

Beat the Devil. Director John Huston and Author Truman Capote tell a completely wacky shaggy-dog story; with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre (TIME, March 8).

The Pickwick Papers. The first full-length film of Charles Dickens' monumental jape; with James Hayter, Donald Wolfitt, Joyce Grenfell (TIME, March 1).

The Final Test. A British joke about cricket, well told; with Robert Morley (TIME, Feb. 22).

Rob Roy. Walt Disney's highland fling through an old Scots story; with Richard Todd, Glynis Johns (TIME, Feb. 8).

The Golden Coach. Jean Renoir's costume comedy of Spain's golden age, as rich in color as his father's paintings; with Anna Magnani at her best (TIME, Feb. 1).

It Should Happen to You. Judy Holliday in a sharp little Garson Kanin comedy about a girl on the make (TIME, Jan. 25).

The Conquest of Everest. A heart-stirring camera record of the 1953 expedition that fought to the top of the world's highest mountain (TIME, Dec. 21).

Genevieve. A merry spin in a 1904 Darracq; with John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan (TIME, Nov. 30).



Celanese* acetate helps conquer summer

No man has ever wanted to swelter through summer, but until a few years ago, most men *had* to. Good, good-looking summer suits were priced high. In these past few years, Celanese acetate has helped remove that barrier to comfort. Bringing fine tropicals within reach of all, it has contributed vitally to a great \$100,000,-000 market.

On this page—in four new acetate-blend suits by Gramercy Park—you see how superbly Celanese acetate conquers summer.

Here is a man's complete wardrobe. A cord suit that holds its press. A subtle splash pattern. A tropic-weave suit, born to travel. A crisp, look of linen texture. Versatile Celanese acetate makes all of them possible, enhancing each with its innate elegance and cool, comfortable feeling.

You will find these Gramercy Park tropicals advertised by Celanese in national magazines in May and simultaneously displayed in 400 stores.

Is it any wonder that more and more of America is comfortably clothed with Celanese acetate?

Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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These Gramercy Park summer suits, priced from \$34.95 to \$39.95, are tailored of acetate and Dacron or acetate and rayon fabrics, take summer's hazards in stride. Today, one of every four suits made is a summer suit.

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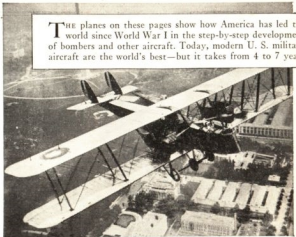
1. From 1903 to 1914 fewer than 50 U. S. military airplanes were built. Fortunately, both the Army and Navy had units experimenting with airplanes as military vehicles. The first bomb was dropped by hand in 1911 from an early Wright pusher (above).



3. Neglect of military aviation after the war was of growing concern in the mid-1920s. Then Congress approved America's first sustained aviation program. Among the new planes developed was the Keystone B-3A bomber (above). It helped put muscle on our military skeleton.



5. Consolidated B-24s (above), Boeing B-17s and finally, the atomic bomb-carrying B-29s were major weapons of World War II. Even with the industry's backlog of big-plane experience, these planes still required years of research and development before production.



THE planes on these pages show how America has led the world since World War I in the step-by-step development of bombers and other aircraft. Today, modern U. S. military aircraft are the world's best—but it takes from 4 to 7 years

2. America still had few airplanes, no real bombers, when she entered World War I. Then a huge production effort was belatedly organized. Engines, trainers and a few combat planes were built. Our first big bomber, the Martin MB, came in 1918, too late for war duty.



4. As air science advanced in the 1930s, external struts, wires and fabric slowly gave way to all-metal construction, while air-cooled engine and propeller improvements speeded over-all air developments. One of the best new bombers was the Douglas B-18A of 1937-1940.



6. Post-war giant and current mainstay of long-range U. S. air-striking power is Convair's B-36 global bomber. Initial work to design this mighty airplane—the ultimate development of piston-engined bombers—began as early as 1941. Only jet bombers exceed its speed and altitude.

to design and build them. To keep them best, there must be uninterrupted, year-in-year-out development and production. Only such a sustained program can make and keep American Air Power an effective instrument for peace.



7. Newest long-range U. S. A. F. bomber is Boeing's B-52, a 150-ton giant of unrivaled performance. Engines are Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57s.

Can U.S. Air Power Prevent a War?

The answer lies in how consistently America pursues
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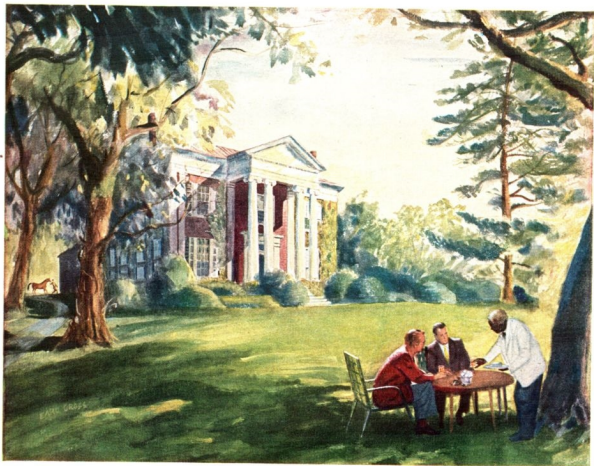
a program can America meet, and even forestall, emergencies—and at the same time avoid the costly waste of stop-and-go aircraft production programs.

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Victorian Restoration

THE STRANGELING (685 pp.)—Alice Harwood—Bobbs-Merrill (\$6).

This novel is a stunt. Its author, Alice Harwood, is a 44-year-old Warwickshire spinster who has loved Victorian novels since she was first able to read them. Since 1938, with time out for other books (*The Lily and the Leopards*, *The Merchant of the Ruby*), she has been planning and writing a Victorian novel herself. The resemblance between *The Strangling* and the works of the Brontës, George Eliot, Anthony Trollope, Dickens and Thackeray is therefore intentional and 685 pages



Caters Newsagency

NOVELIST HARWOOD
A diarist with a haircut.

deep. The main difference is that her models were Victorian novelists and Author Harwood is merely a conscientious antique restorer.

The Strangling has a heroine but no real hero. Michal (pronounced Michael) Charteris is a wide-eyed, high-spirited girl of five in 1831 when her missionary parents leave her with a brusque uncle and a browbeaten aunt in the English Midlands. In no time she is keeping a diary titled *Things I Do Which Other People Do Not*, e.g., she writes poems and develops a social conscience. To a friend she confides her fondest wish: "I want to visit the poor districts in London and write an epic poem about them." The fact that she never gets around to it is one of the minor blessings of *The Strangling*.

No delicate Victorian violet, Michal is clearly a prototype of the "New Woman" whom Ibsen and Bernard Shaw cheered and caricatured by turns in their plays. Her revolt is a shade whimsical. At one point she chops off her flowing brown tresses because they are "a token of fe-

male subordination," and flounces around flaunting a homemade Italian-boy cut.

Her personal life is as complicated as a cricket match. Her first cousin proposes marriage, and jilts her after she accepts. A married schoolmaster proposes a kiss and gets it (Michal is innocent enough to think herself an adulteress). An aristocratic rake proposes something which only an "infernal scoundrel" would propose. Michal is beginning to think that there is no Mr. Right when a Scots journalist claps her in his arms on page 682.

Author Harwood pours a small army of characters and events into her book, but most of them congeal on the printed page like spilled wax. Michal sees Queen Victoria crowned, watches the Paris mob revolt and King Louis Philippe flee in 1848, applauds the pioneering use of anesthetics in childbirth by Sir James Young Simpson, hears that her grandfather has shaken Dr. Livingstone's hand in Africa, tromps the moors with Anne Brontë, and asks Florence Nightingale for a nursing job in case the Crimean War breaks out. By age 27, and novel's end, Michal Charteris has lived an exhaustive, if not a complete life, and Author Harwood's Victorian restoration has generated not a little fun, some of it unintentional.

Sweet Child

THE BAD SEED (247 pp.)—William March—Rinehart (\$3).

The Bad Seed is a novel that started badly. At least Author William March thought so. When he was a third of the way through, he tossed it away and started all over again. Readers with a low tolerance for pure horror may well wish he had not tried a second time. For *The Bad Seed* is an authentic chiller; not a member of the murder mystery species, but a novel about seemingly quite ordinary people with terror built in.

Everyone loved Rhoda Penmark. She was a charming child of eight, neat, precise, with delightful manners. Her brown bangs and braids, her dimple and the cute gap between her front teeth made her a favorite of all the neighbors. She could devastate her parents by simply tossing her head charmingly and asking: "What will you give me, if I give you a basket of kisses?" The loving reply always was: "I'll give you a basket of hugs."

Then why did all her schoolmates fear and hate her? Why was she put out of a progressive school in Baltimore, and why did the old-fashioned sisters who ran an old-fashioned school in a Gulf coast city put her out of theirs not long after Rhoda's father was transferred to the South? Before *The Bad Seed* is fully under way, Mrs. Penmark knows the answers to these questions, and the shock is more than she can bear. For Rhoda is a born bundle of sweet-miened sin, a youngster of good family and favorable environment who is quite ready to kill others for whatever she may covet.

In Baltimore she killed an old-lady neighbor in her 80s, Mrs. Clara Post, by simply pushing her over a bannister into a stairwell. That way Rhoda got an oval pendant which Mrs. Post had promised to leave her when she died. Rhoda was seven then. Rhoda was a good student. In the old maids' school she tried earnestly to win the penmanship medal. When she lost it to another student, she snatched it from him at the annual school picnic, then shoved him off a dock and drowned him to cover the theft.

Mrs. Penmark becomes fully aware of her daughter's character. Before she can bring herself to act, Rhoda burns alive the sleeping handyman who has guessed her part in the drowning. What her mother learns about her own share in Rhoda's guilt, what she does about it



Wilfred L. d'Arqu

NOVELIST MARCH
A killer with dimples.

and how Rhoda makes out are non-cricket revelations. But *The Bad Seed* cannot be put aside without lingering shivers. Despite its unnecessary plot complications, it remains a troubling case history of the transmittal of evil from one generation to another.

Up from the Slag

PETER DOMANIG IN AMERICA: STEEL (476 pp.)—Victor White—Bobbs-Merrill (\$3.95).

Some of the most exciting novels about American industry have been written by those who liked it least. In the pages of Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser or Upton Sinclair, industry is a jungle inferno of grab and stab. But behind the social bias is the magnetic pull of wheat, or railroads, or oil, and what it means to work with and around the sources of American industrial power. Author Victor White has put some of this magnetism without the bias into *Peter Domanig in America*. Where he falls short of the earlier models

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THE WORLD OVER



is in making his hero too goody-goody to be true.

Peter Domanig is an Austrian immigrant lad who comes to the U.S. at 17, just after World War I. (Author White has already covered his boyhood in a 1944 novel, *Morning in Vienna*.) Peter bypasses the glitter of New York in the '20s and an easy suburban life with an American foster father, and heads for smoky, industrial Pittsburgh to make his own way. From there on, his progress reads like a guided tour of the steel industry from the slag up, conducted by a man who knows his subject and loves to talk shop.

Less mindful that he is writing about the making of an American than about the making of steel, Author White sometimes puts his hero through private experiences at a whirling pace. Within a ten-page stretch, Peter meets and rebuffs his first American prostitute, goes inside his first American church (a Roman Catholic cathedral), sees his first prize-fight and enters his first speakeasy. Seething with ambition, he decides that love is off-limits and only strays once, into a brief affair with his plump landlady.

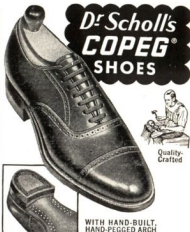
Night courses at Carnegie Tech bring out an inventive flair in Peter and take him away from open hearths and Bessemer converters into the research laboratory. At novel's end, Peter leaves the steel industry, prematurely invents an automatic record-changer and is about to take a flyer in the manufacturing end of the newly born radio industry. Peter Domanig promises to be a Lanny Budd-of-all-trades, and Author White certainly does not intend to cramp his style. He has already announced two forthcoming sequels, *Brass and Gold*.

Le Grand Siècle

THE SPLENDID CENTURY (306 pp.)—
W. H. Lewis—Sloane (\$5).

Little Louis Dieudonné de Bourbon, at the age of six, was taught an amusing game. Every morning, on awakening, he was to tell himself he was about to act God: every night, on going to bed, he was to ask himself how close he had come to the Original. Little Louis liked the game so much that a King Louis XIV of France (which he became at the age of four), he played it for keeps. He had been named *Dieudonné*—God-given—and believed it. In *The Splendid Century*, British Author W. H. Lewis shows that despite the King's intimate relationship with the Almighty, he was all too human, and that for all its splendor, Louis le Grand's grand siècle was not as splendid as it seemed. Author Lewis is an urbane scholar who knows how to squeeze the juice from the fruit of his research. He has turned out a series of lively sketches of 17th century France and managed to give an intimate sense of the period and its ruler.

Democratic King, Louis was 18 when Madame de Beauvais, one of his mother's ladies in waiting, waylaid him as he was coming from his bath, and seduced him. After that, Louis was insatiable. According



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Suppose the government forbade food chains to abandon unprofitable stores

During the past decade, the rise of the super-market and the shopping center has made advisable the abandonment of many no-longer profitable small store locations—moves which could freely be taken by chain store management in the best interests of stockholders, employees and customers.

There are few people who fail to see this as a sound and justifiable business practice—or who would expect the Government to intervene to forbid it. In fact, if it did so intervene, the large food chains, for example, could no longer afford to sell such high quality food products at such low prices.

While other businesses are free

to make such moves as this, the railroads—under similar circumstances—generally are not free to do so. In many instances, before a railroad can discontinue a passenger train that no longer pays for itself, it must obtain permission from the regulatory body of the state or states in which the operation is conducted.

Such state regulatory bodies are understandably sensitive to local pressures. As a result, justified applications for discontinuance of service are frequently denied or subjected to inordinate delay.

The railroads believe that such unprofitable and unnecessary local

operations place an unjust burden on interstate commerce, with shippers having to absorb a large part of the losses in the freight rates they pay.

The railroads operating in the crowded eastern section of the United States are especially hard hit by such operations. It is not in the public interest for the food chains—or the railroads—to maintain unprofitable operations. The railroads do not ask for complete relief from regulation—they ask only that regulation be brought into line with present-day conditions . . . **Eastern Railroad Presidents Conference, 143 Liberty Street, New York 6, New York.**



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to his sister-in-law, "all women, peasants, chambermaids, servants' daughters, women of quality" had only to pretend they loved him to be received in the royal bed. His Queen, Marie Thérèse, had to compete with a succession of mistresses and hordes of passing *amourettes* until she died. Six months later, Louis' mistress, Madame de Maintenon, became his wife and, at 46, the King suddenly closed the door on his bouddoir career.

But the door to his court remained wide open. Since Louis insisted that his noblemen live there, housing was a nightmare. With 10,000 people living in the château at Versailles, it was as crowded as a slum. The bearer of many a celebrated name had to be content with a dismal attic room, though it seemed to be worth it to bask in the rays of the Sun King: the nobleman of the day counted himself lucky if he could become the official custodian of the royal chamber pot.

Louis was lavish and was served by 500



Portrait by Charles LeBrun in the Louvre

LOUIS XIV

He burned the evidence.

attendants, whom he boarded and housed. The money, of course, came from the people. Versailles' cost swallowed three out of every five francs collected in taxes, and nobody will ever know the price of building it. When François Mansard, the King's architect, appeared with his bill, it was a shock even to openhanded Louis. He blanched, and burned the evidence.

For what he paid he was repaid in splendor, but not in comfort. Even his wife's room was icy in winter, broiling in summer, and the King would not allow her to put a shutter on her window "because it would mar the external symmetry of the façade."

Paris, Beautiful Paris. For all its sumptuousness and its galaxy of the first names of France, the château was a bore with bowing courtiers incapable of scraping up an amusing conversation. As everyone knew, life in the provinces was dreary too, and anyone who lived there was considered a mere "vegetable with powers of locomotion." Some noblemen of wit and wealth defied the King's pique and chose



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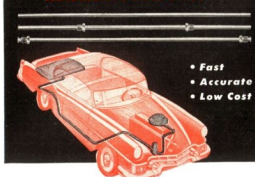
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Paris. It was a dirty city. The streets were choked with mud and refuse, and the stench could be smelled two miles outside the city gates. Here, a nobleman lived on a grand scale. A bachelor might have "37 servants, of whom five are the personal attendants of the five senior servants." A childless couple might manage with 65 or so servants, but would require several more if there were children. The nobles, to the extent of their means, aped the King's style of living, and the bourgeois aped and sometimes outdid the nobles.

It was a century of fascinating contrasts. Literature flourished. Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine turned out their masterpieces; Pascal wrote his *Pensées*, Descartes his *Discourse on Method*. Medicine, meanwhile, was in a parlous state. In one year, Louis XIII was bled 47 times, got 212 enemas. Louis XIV got the same kind of treatment, but, despite everything his physicians did, he survived for 77 years. By that time, he had done his full part to prepare the deluge.

RECENT & READABLE

A Time to Laugh, by Laurence Thompson. The lighthearted story of poor Gadein, a gawky African adolescent, and his triumph over both his tribe and the British army (TIME, April 5).

Minutes of the Last Meeting, by Gene Fowler. More stories about those Hollywood musketeers, John Barrymore, W. C. Fields and Author Fowler, disguised as a biography of their colleague and poetic oracle, Sadakichi Hartmann (TIME, April 5).

The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes, by Adrian Conan Doyle and John Dickson Carr. New yarns lovingly constructed by a pair of contemporary Sherlock fans from "unsolved cases" mentioned in the original stories (TIME, April 5).

The Challenge of Man's Future, by Harrison Brown. A thoughtful, guardedly hopeful but dead-serious speculation about the effect of the world's increasing population on the life of man (TIME, March 22).

Moscow, by Theodor Plievier. A stunning documentary novel about the German drive on Moscow and the confusion and dismay of the Russian defenders (TIME, March 8).

The Night of the Hunter, by Davis Grubb. A beautifully written chiller about an Ohio River town and a Bible-spouting homicidal maniac (TIME, March 1).

The Bright Sands, by Robert Lewis Taylor. A good-humored novel about Cape Cod and Cape codgers (TIME, Feb. 22).

The Lady for Ransom, by Alfred Dugan. The twilight of the Byzantine Empire, caught in a fine historical novel (TIME, Feb. 8).

The Man Who Never Was, by Ewen Montagu. How British intelligence deceived the Germans about the invasion of Sicily by furnishing them a corpse whose pockets were stuffed with false war plans (TIME, Feb. 1).

The Conquest of Everest, by Sir John Hunt. An engrossing account by the leader of the expedition (TIME, Jan. 25).

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MISCELLANY

Taboo. In Kyoto, Japan, Yukitoki Yakigawa, president of Kyoto University, summed up in a speech to the graduating class: "My final warning to you is . . . never touch a drink paid for by others. All the scandals in the world of politics today have their cause in the despicable habit of swallowing free drinks."

Stake-Out. In Philadelphia, Police Captain Clarence Ferguson watched Lightweight Boxer Al Pennell suffer a technical knockout in a semifinal bout, waited for Pennell in the dressing room, arrested him on a robbery charge.

The List. In Thurmont, Md., burglars broke into Gordon P. Gaver's snake farm, made off with a king snake, a grey rat snake, two corn snakes, a five-foot boa constrictor and \$30.

Haymaker. In Pinckneyville, Ill., Farmer Leslie Ertl, 59, annoyed by the stubbornness of one of his cows, kicked the beast, wound up in the hospital with a broken leg.

Old School Tie. In Mason, Mich., after Sheriff Willard Barnes complained in the *Lansing State Journal* that the County Jail was short of blankets and mattresses, he received two new blankets with an unsigned note: "As a minor [alumnus], may I take this opportunity to make a small contribution to my Alma Mater during the current emergency."

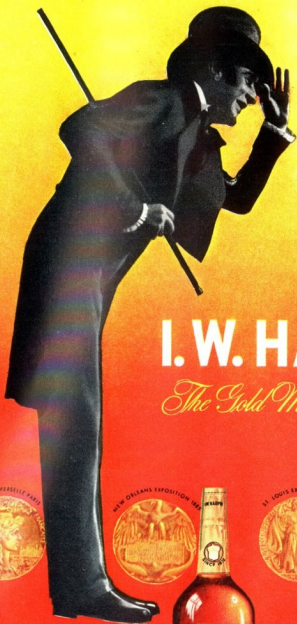
Change of Venue. In Raleigh, N.C., arrested for vagrancy, Ohioan John Palenkas explained why he was in town: "All the Southern bums are in Ohio taking the bread out of my mouth, so I [decided to] go on the bum down South."

Command Decision. In Central Valley, Calif., when a fire alarm interrupted the crowning of the queen at the annual Firemen's Ball, Chief Earl Stevens dispatched all his men to quell the blaze, stayed on himself to complete the coronation.

Scents of Guilt. In Kansas City, Mo., the circuit court reversed a drunken-driving conviction which had cost Frank J. Ross a 60-day license suspension and a \$100 fine after he explained that he had not been drinking, had merely been eating aromatic Italian cookies.

Grandstand Play. In Darwin, Australia, aborigines staged a rainmaking dance as part of a native-dance festival, had to stop when a downpour drenched the area.

Equality. In New Orleans, Aaron B. Smith, charged with arson, confessed that he helped set fire to five public schools, doing \$85,000 damage, because he had only been through the first grade himself and "didn't want to see anybody else get an education."



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